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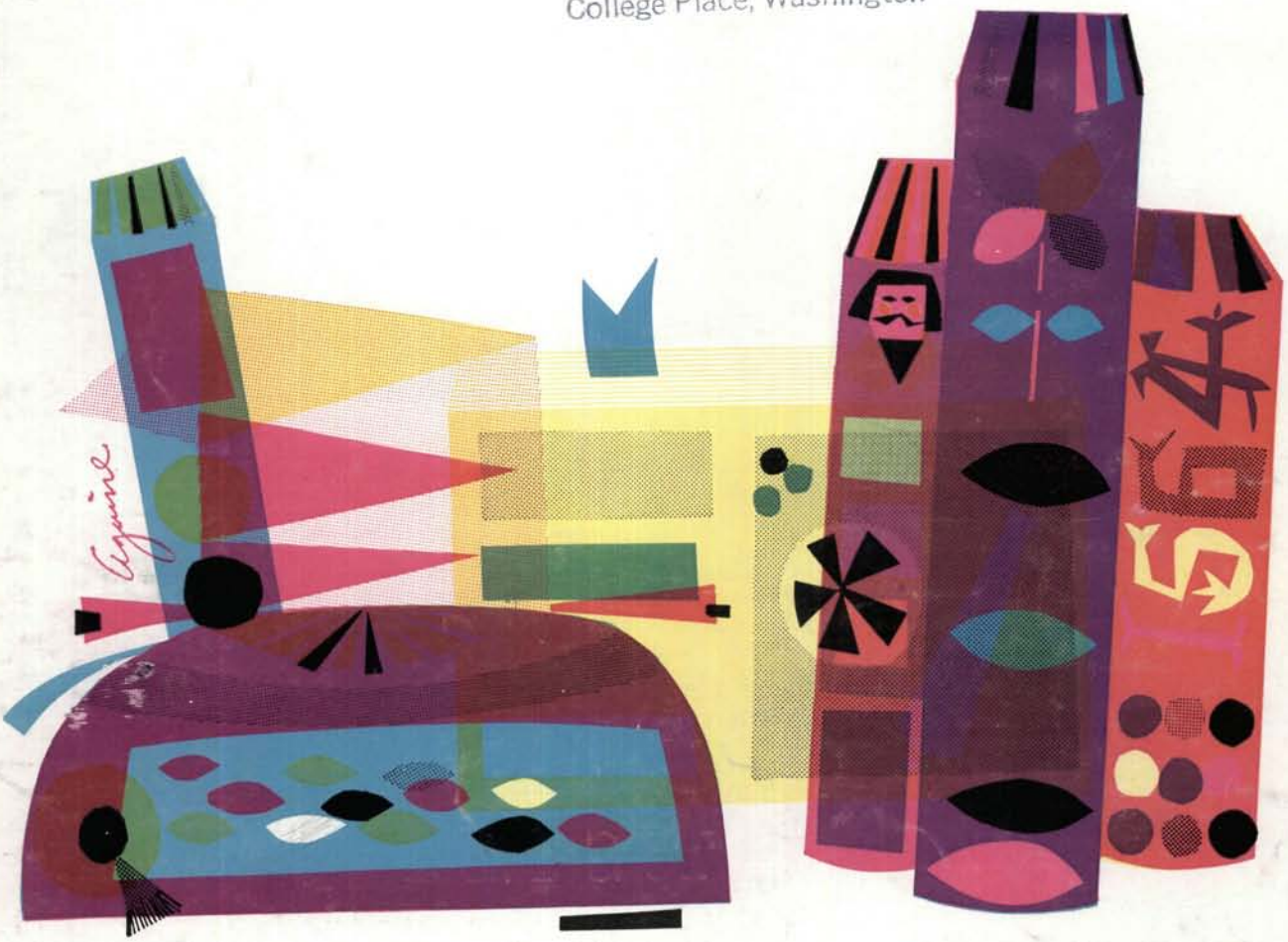

THE VANISHING NOVEL
By Herbert Kubly

PARALLEL PROVERBS
By Mario Pei

SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

OUR TREMBLI
By John Lear

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AGRICULTURE is America's biggest business with a capital investment of $214 billion and sales last year in excess of $37.5 billion. It is the largest of all markets for petroleum products . . . and to keep pace with growing demand for food and fibers, our farmers will need more of these products in the years to come.

TO HELP MEET THESE NEEDS . . . and the growing needs of other segments of our national economy . . . Cities Service has broadened its services and multiplied its products. Today it is a supplier not only of hydrocarbon energy and basic petroleum products such as gasolenes, motor oils, asphalts, and industrial greases, but of an ever-widening flow of petrochemical and allied products ranging from anti-freeze and plant foods to printing inks and carbon blacks.

THE RESULTS are reflected in benefits broadly shared by employees, investors, and customers. Of even greater importance, these achievements . . . united with those of all forward-looking industry . . . will help assure the continued leadership and security of this nation in the challenging years to come.

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Drive to the N. Y. Fair with the family . . . Hear the famous Cities Service World's Fair Band of America.

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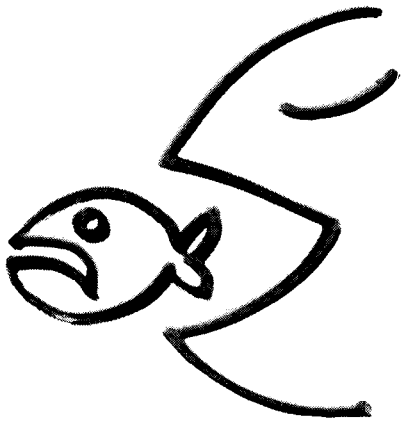
When you're only No.2, you try harder. Or else.



Avis can't afford to relax.

Little fish have to keep moving all of the time. The big ones never stop picking on them.

Avis knows all about the problems of little fish.

We're only No.2 in rent a cars. We'd be swallowed up if we didn't try harder.

There's no rest for us.

We're always emptying ashtrays. Making sure gas tanks are full before we rent our cars. Seeing that the batteries are full of life. Checking our windshield wipers.

And the cars we rent out can't be anything less than lively new super-torque Fords.

And since we're not the big fish, you won't feel like a sardine when you come to our counter.

We're not jammed with customers.

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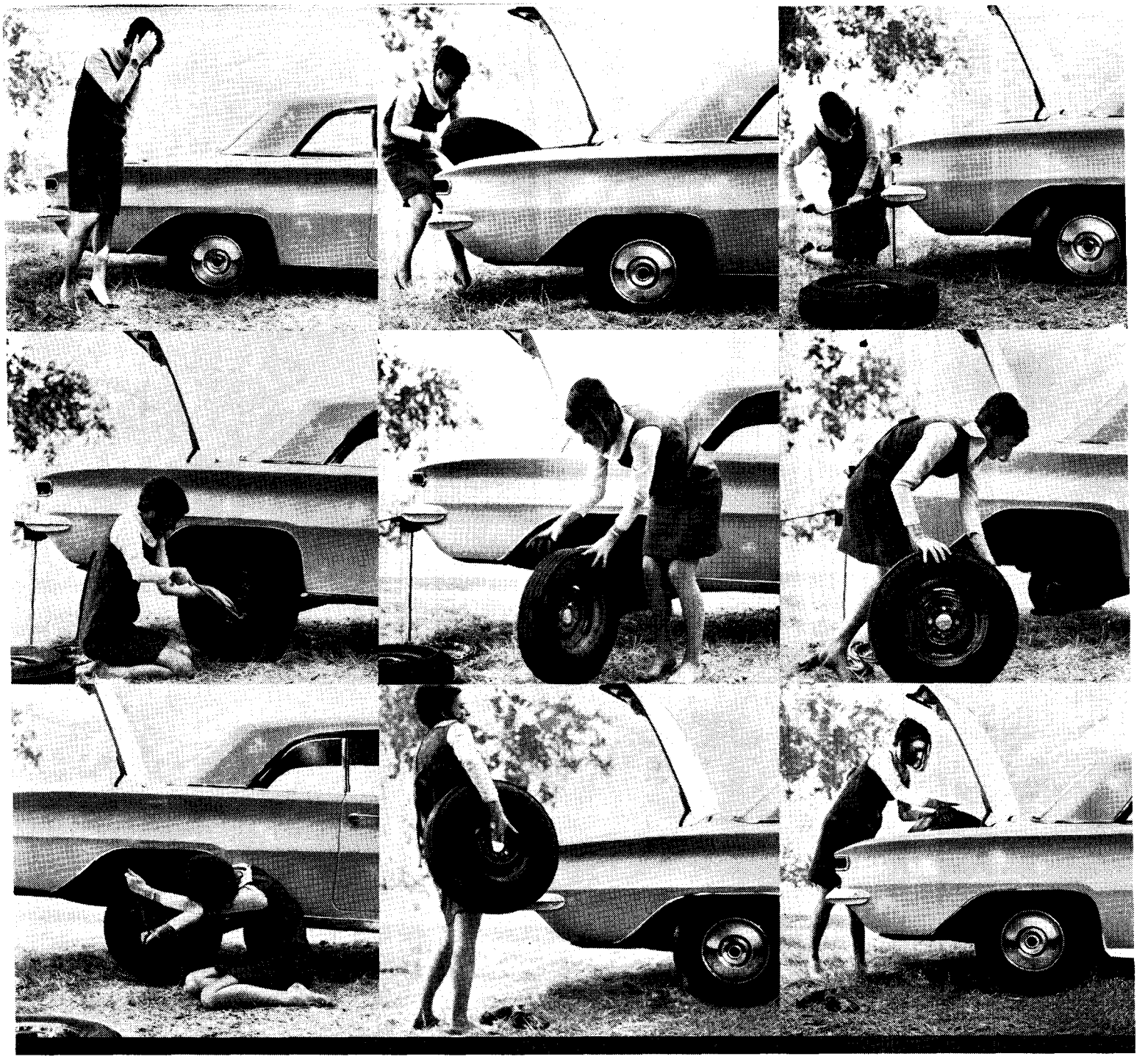

When there's no man around . . .

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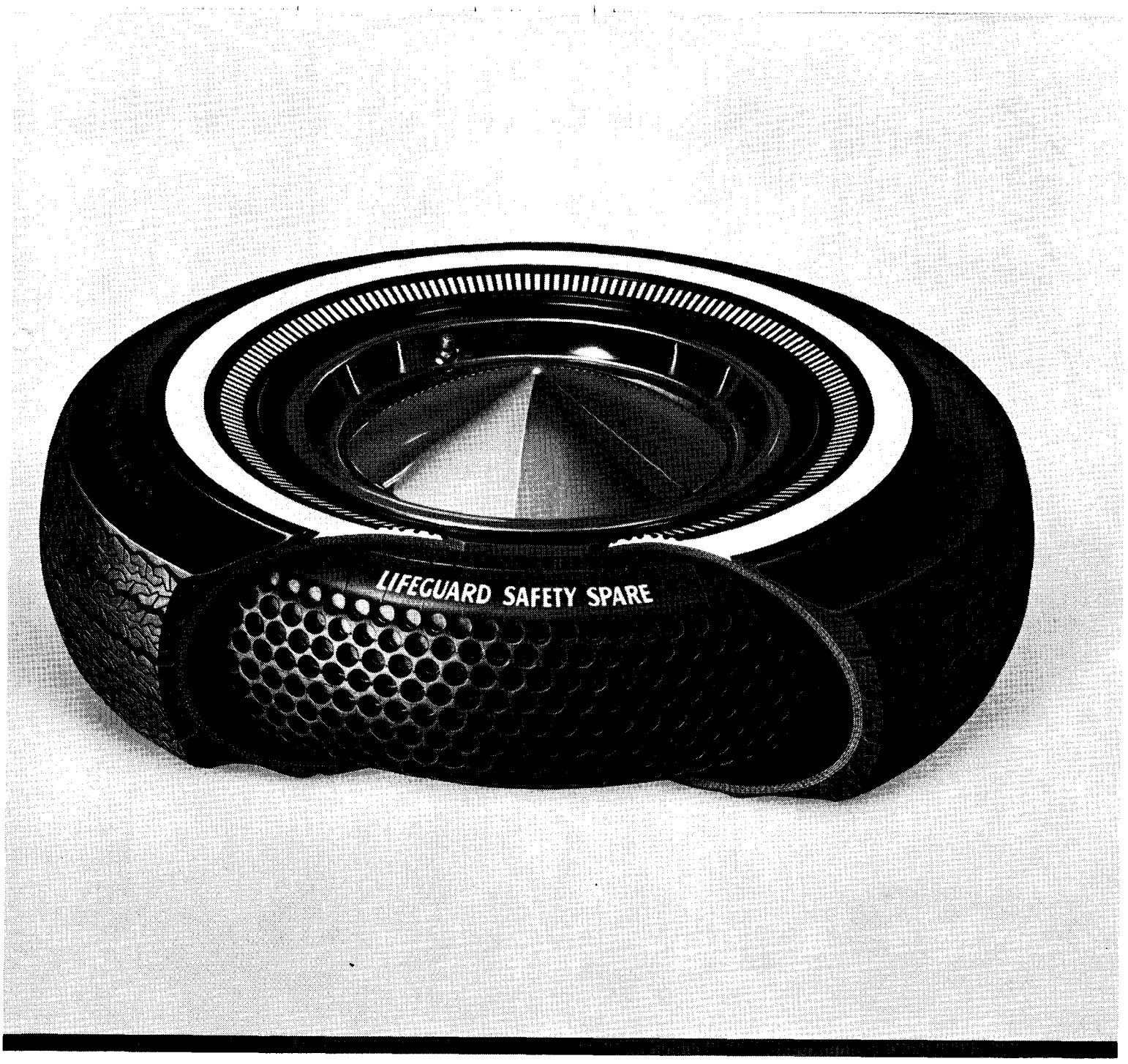

Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You can't be with her every time she drives. Protect her with the safest tire ever built. The new Goodyear Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare. It's actually two tires—a "tire-within-a-tire."

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When you add the LifeGuard Safety Spare, the Double Eagle becomes the *safest* tire in the world as well. Because the LifeGuard Safety Spare is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead, made especially by Goodyear to fit *inside* the Double Eagle.

If the outside tire is punctured, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over—keeps going mile after mile until she's safe. The unique "honeycomb" design enables LifeGuard Safety Spare to ride over puncturing objects without damage. She'll never have to change tires—even with a blowout.

Next best thing to having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn — T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio

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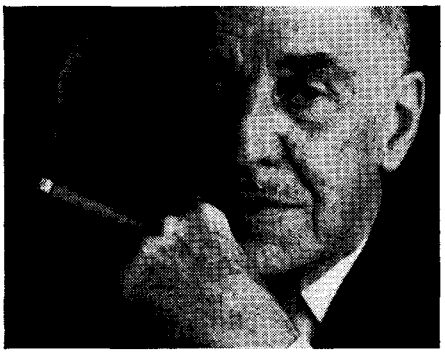
Status Symbol



IN LATE 1961 when Ralph Schuyler Williams, the celebrated "Mr. Havana Cigar", created the first Shakespeare *Habana,* he little thought that in hardly more than two years it would be firmly positioned as *America's great prestige cigar.*

Never before, in so short a time, has any cigar won such universal acclaim. Today one has only to light a Shakespeare to be regarded immediately as a true cigar connoisseur.

Why this unique distinction? Because *aficionados* of fine Havana cigars are quick to recognize in Shakespeare the same magnificent flavor and fragrant aroma they formerly enjoyed in their favorite imported Cuban cigars.

Fashioned of choice vintage Havana from the precious reserve of prime Cuban leaf stored at Factory No. 1, Tampa, each Shakespeare *Habana* is produced under the careful supervision of Mr. Williams, himself.

Available in fourteen distinctive shapes and in a full selection of wrappers, from the mellow, mild light-green "claro" to the rich dark-brown "maduro." At important tobacconists, clubs and hotels and at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.

Or write: Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.

SHAKESPEARE

HABANA

Saturday Review

May 2, 1964

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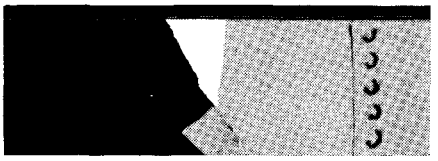

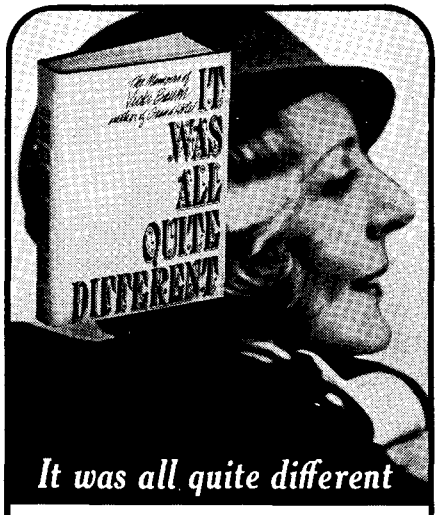

It was all quite different

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Parents who teach their children sensible eating habits help the young avoid costly food faddism

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED that Americans spend from 500 million to one billion dollars each year needlessly on food fads, vitamin pills that are not necessary, and so-called "health foods" which may be perfectly good foods but which do not live up to some of the elaborate health claims made for them and which may not be worth the premium prices charged. Parents really interested in getting their children off to a good start in life should be alert to food faddism and health quackery and should prepare their children to avoid being victimized by the faddists and quacks who prey on the young, as well as the aged, because they know of the concern the young have for health and strength and body development.

Although scientific research has demonstrated that drinking milk on the day of an athletic event apparently has no adverse effects on the athletes' performance, there are still athletic coaches in high schools and colleges who instruct their teams to avoid milk at certain periods or meals. Some physical education teachers, who influence the attitudes of young people they are instructing, are not well informed about sound nutrition principles.

Parents concerned about the good health of their children should be aware of what the children are being taught, if anything, about what they should eat and why. Generally, schools use nutrition teaching materials prepared under careful supervision of nutritionists who know their business, but there are some cases in which nutrition teachings are not based on well established nutrition principles.

PARENTS CAN TEACH THROUGH GOOD EXAMPLES

In most families, it is likely that the examples set by adult members in their own eating habits will be a very strong influence on the children's eating habits. If adults shun certain foods, then the children, especially the teen-agers, may assume they, too, can avoid these foods. Parents should understand at least the fundamental principles of good nutrition so that they can guide their children toward sensible eating habits and toward an understanding of the role which food plays in health and development.

Parents need not be walking textbooks on nutrition. Nutritionists have made life much easier for us by developing the Daily Food Guide. Family meals may be planned for both taste appeal and good nutrition by selecting from four major food groupings: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Breads and Cereals. The groupings are based largely on the kinds of nutrients provided by each group. The Guide recommendations provide only a foundation for a well balanced diet. Depending upon total calories required, other foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the daily diet.

The Daily Food Guide is excellent because it fits the needs of the entire family. Food selection varies only in terms of individual nutrient needs. In other words, an adult whose life is quite sedentary does not require the same quantities of food as a very active teen-age boy or a growing child. (See below for instructions on how to receive your copy of the Daily Food Guide for your family.)

THE DAILY FOOD GUIDE IS EASY TO USE

The Daily Food Guide is designed to make food selection for the family as easy as possible. Here is an example of how the Guide suggests that selections be made:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: The Guide suggests 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers and 2 glasses daily for adults (or the equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). These quantities of milk are recommended because milk provides important nutrients for all age groups.

Milk is a leading source of calcium, essential for the development of bones and teeth and required for proper functioning of muscles and nerves and for normal clotting of blood. Milk is also an important contributor of riboflavin—which is vital in the body's metabolism—and high quality protein that provides the amino acids needed for body tissue growth and repair. Milk also supplies other vitamins and minerals.

For a moderately active adult man, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide about 10-15% of his recommended daily calorie allowance; about 25% of his protein; about 70% of his calcium; about 45% of his riboflavin; about 15% of his vitamin A; and over 10% of his thiamine.

For an adult woman percentages of these nutrients provided by 2 glasses of milk would be slightly higher because of the generally lower nutrient recommendations for women, but the calories in 2 glasses of milk still provide only 14-20% of the recommended daily allowance for a moderately active adult woman.

Selecting foods from the other food groups in proper quantities provides the additional nutrients recommended. If the entire family follows this very simple Daily Food Guide, and if reasonable effort is made to develop understanding among the young why it is wise to select foods in this pattern to provide a balanced diet, then it is likely that the young will be less susceptible to the siren songs of faddists and quacks who promise them a "quick and easy" path to super bodies and brains via their pills and "health foods."

For complete information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

(Advertisement)

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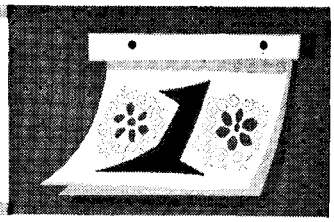
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

THE man of the month was, of course, World's Fair chief Robert Moses. And one thing was certain. To say that the doings at Flushing Meadow were Moses's monument to Moses wasn't really fair to the fair. After all, if you look at it one way, General Motors didn't spend $50,000,000 of *their* money. That was tax-deductible money, Mister—or, in a sense, yours. So it's your monument, Mr. Fairgoer, to you. Have a ball.

• • •

Elsewhere on the commercial front, there were news stories on IBM's System 360, and both *Newsweek* and *Time* came up with cover stories on the same new car. The magazines were just lucky there were no major news breaks that week. Suppose the report about Khrushchev's death had turned out to be true? And, when it came to the press constantly writing about such a ridiculous malcontent as Malcolm X, it was high time to ask, as Marya Mannes did in one of the month's most memorable talks, when do *re*porters become *sup*porters?

• • •

The face of the month—and a beautiful face it is—belonged to a lady who is far from a malcontent, Mrs. Malcolm Peabody. A kind of Proper Bostonian Barbara Fritchie, she managed to do something for the integration movement that took, on her part, some doing. She gave it, at the same time, both humor and dignity. In fact, the whole thing went so smoothly that the only real trouble came when the TV and radio fraternity had to pronounce her name—we heard everything from Mrs. Pebbiddy to Mrs. Pea-body. Actually, of course, as every Bostonian knows, the name is pronounced by saying the consonants as rapidly as possible and ignoring all vowels.

• • •

On the other side of the integration coin were the remarkable efforts of both Republicans and Democrats to alibi away the showing of Alabama's Governor Wallace in Wisconsin. The Democrats claim the Republicans voted for him to embarrass the Democrats and the Republicans claim vice versa. Meanwhile, Wallace himself, for once, didn't need any alibi. He claimed it all had to do with the fact that we're now "government-fearing" instead of "God-fearing."—whatever that meant. In any case, it seems nowadays that we have nothing to fear but fear-fearing.

• • •

Prejudice also reared its ugly head right on our own block—72nd Street, for Pete's sake—in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawford being denied an apartment. Since the owner of the apartment, who was pro-Lawfords, is a cousin of ours, we were promptly called by a very earnest young lady from the New York *Post*, who apparently wanted our opinion. The trouble, we told her, had nothing to do with *Mrs.* Lawford—the trouble was *Mr.* Lawford. Nowadays, we reminded her, you have to be *very* careful where actors are concerned. After all, with television, they're coming right into your living room. After we had told her this, there was a long pause. "Mr. Amory," she said, "I think you're joking." "Who," we asked her indignantly, "told you?"

• • •

Our favorite satire of the month appeared in *Outsider's Newsletter* under the banner headline 12 FAMOUS DOCTORS START A NEW KIND OF MEDICAL SCHOOL:

> Over a ten year period, the twelve famous doctors created five professional courses in medicine—Homeopathy, Allopathy, Acupuncture, Tropical Diseases and Health Insurance. They have prepared a series of mimeographed text-books, study aids and homework assignments that present, in simple, everyday, down-to-earth language, what it took them many years to learn in their agonizing climb to the top of the doctors' heap.
>
> These outstandingly successful people start you with the fundamentals that are the basis of all competent healing. You are shown how to avoid the pitfalls and house-calls that trap so many beginning doctors . . . Every completed assignment, which you ship by private ambulance to the school, is carefully examined by your instructor, who is a practicing M.D., supervised by the School's distinguished faculty. He will then write a long, encouraging letter of personal inspiration and include his own prescription, or, where necessary, a coroner's report.
>
> To sought-out people with an aptitude for medicine, the Twelve Famous Doctors . . . will send you without obligation, a volunteer patient, along with a profusely illustrated borchure on Double-Entry Bookkeeping and the evils of Socialized Medicine. After you have treated and returned the patient, he will be graded free of charge by one of the specialists on our staff. Then he will be returned to you with our frank prognosis. If you have no talent for medicine, we will tell you so. So will your volunteer patient. If, on the other hand, you pass the test, you will be eligible to enroll in the School, although, of course, there is no obligation to do so. Whether or not you decide to take the course, the patient is yours to keep as a gift.

• • •

BALANCING THE BOOKS: *"Good Evening!"* by Raymond Swing: "I am simply reporting that I had remarkably little interference with my freedom to say what I wished. . . . I wish I could go on to say my successors in television and radio are now as free. They are not. The right of free comment has been seriously abridged on the three largest networks, and anything said that affects any considerable and vocal contingent of the public produces a panic and retreat by the network executives. This is a perilous weakness in our communications system and it is not, I think, the fault of the public." . . . *Boys and Other Beasts*, by Barbara Lang: "Most of the problems you and I have with our parents stem from their insecurities and from our blindness to their need to be right once in a while. Yet at the same time, you cannot deprive them of all their worries or they are apt to feel useless and have nothing to talk to other parents about."

• • •

And finally, there was a sad and final silence this spring—for the passing of a brave woman who had for so long and so fearlessly fought the good fight for the rights of all living things everywhere. There is, in the hearts as well as in the minds of her readers, an aching loss—one that is best borne by a realization that her fight was not in vain and that her cause each spring, like nature itself, renews itself. Our own favorite of all her books was, strangely, her first—*Under the Sea-Wind*—the story of, among other things, the life of a mackerel. She had no children of her own, but at the time of her death she was working with her young nephew Roger on a book about exploring nature with children. "Roger and I conduct experiments together," she told us. "After we finish with a specimen, we always return it to its right place and at the correct tidal level. It often means we have to go down to the sea by flashlight, in the middle of the night, to put some little ocean creature back in its proper place."

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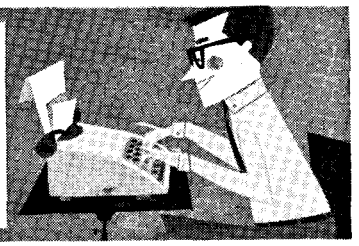
Top of My Head



Another Brief Message From . . .

THERE are so many twenty-second, half-minute, and minute commercials before, during, and after the average television show that you can't tell the main sponsor even with a program. I have a rule to help solve this dilemma, if you're having dilemmas.

The main sponsor's commercials are usually less noisy. The commercials of the hangers-on sound as if they are shouting: "Look, ma, I'm a sponsor!" Ma may believe they are the sponsors of the program they usually precede or follow, but in truth they are only sponsors in limbo.

Sponsor identification is most important to the man paying the huge bill of a program. Countless viewers, like the listeners in radio before them, are moved to buy a product in appreciation of the entertainment the sponsor has been bringing to their home screens. In the old days of radio it was common practice for a shopper to go into a shop and ask for "a tube of that Amos 'n' Andy toothpaste." With no malice intended toward the creative advertising copy writers, I suggest that no one in those happy days wondered where the yellow went. They liked the program and that's all the endorsement they needed to buy the product.

In television the costs to an advertiser have been mounting yearly. A sponsor's budget often makes it unfeasible to take on a complete program for the season's thirty-nine weeks. Hence one week we find a show sponsored by a coffee and the next by a detergent. And you don't find many viewers going into a grocery store asking for "that coffee that tastes like a detergent." Another instance would be the Jack Benny show. If you wanted to show your appreciation for Mr. Benny you would have to shop in two places —a grocery store for Jello and an insurance office for the policy of that company that sponsors him, the name of which escapes me.

Compound this alternate sponsorship with the slew of messages that the networks weave in before, after, and during the station breaks, and the consumer who would like to demonstrate his thanks for the entertainment he enjoys every week is not quite certain to whom he should be thankful.

There are, of course, some TV advertisers who have pride of sponsorship along with the money to indulge it. For instance, if a viewer enjoys Perry Como and cheese, in that order, the name of Kraft immediately comes to his mind. And as for *The Telephone Hour*, I have yet to meet an ardent admirer of that program who, when he wants to communicate vocally, would use any phone other than that of the Bell system. Advertisers who have pride of sponsorship and can afford a full-time program are bucking for that intangible in the TV business known as "sponsor image." The star of their program, like the program's format, must conform with the image of their product and the corporation that manufactures it. That's one definition, I believe. A better one, translated into cash, is a star who can attract an audience without making anybody mad at the sponsor's product.

I WAS once involved with writing a television show for a cosmetic manufacturer. He fancied Marlene Dietrich as the hostess for this big show and insisted she had "sponsor image." I don't know whether in his dreams Miss Dietrich appeared as a lipstick, but he did manage to get me an audience with her so that I could outline the idea of the program.

Which I did, rather engagingly, sparklingly, and wittily. When I finished my brilliant recitation of the format and mentioned the glamorous stars who would be her guests, Miss Dietrich had one comment. "I make my most effective entrance," she said, "down a circular stairway."

On radio, of course, the image of Miss Dietrich coming down a circular stairway would appear only on the one-inch screen of the listeners' imagination. As would the cosmetics her show advertised. Television is the great leveler of "the image." Where in television the picture becomes the image, and the image is in the eye of the beholder, in radio it was in the ear of the listener. And since one picture, they say, is worth a thousand words, you can see that the odds in TV are a thousand to one against you.

This continuous drifting back to radio does not indicate a hankering for the good old days, although I believe a renascent radio would give television a run for its money. And this in spite of some of the early irritating commercials that, after all these years, still ring in my ears. Some evenings, after I am particularly discommoded by a television commercial, I offer up a silent thanks that they haven't gone back to the George Washington Hill brand of advertising.

During the war, when there was a shortage of some material, Lucky Strike cigarettes appeared in a white pack instead of the original green. The announcer shouted "Lucky Strike green has gone to war! Yes! Lucky Strike green has gone to war!" After a half-hour of that you wished the announcer had.

I doubt we will ever return to that kind of irritating advertising. Of course, in these days, when war is outmoded and unthinkable, that particular copy would be changed to "Lucky Strike green has gone to Vietnam!" Or to Cyprus. Or to Mississippi. If you ever do hear that Lucky Strike has gone to war, that program will have the lowest rating ever recorded. We will all have gone. —GOODMAN ACE.

Tonight's the night to read

THE NIGHT IS FOR MUSIC

by

George Selcamm

A searching novel of a strangely disturbing summer on Cape Cod. $3.95

NORTON

Now — lighter in weight • Flexible binding to fit your pocket • Tips for the budgeteer • And more information than ever . . .

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IT'S SMART TO GO FIELDING!

SLOANE-MORROW

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A Garland of Birds

The Size of Song

Some rule of birds kills off the song
in any that begin to grow
much larger than a fist or so.
What happens as they move along
to power and size? Something goes wrong.
Bird music is the tremolo
of the tremulous. Birds let us know
the songsters never are the strong.

One step more on the way of things
we find a second rule applies
to birds that grow to such a size
they lose, or start to lose, their wings:
they start to lose the very strings
of sound itself. Give up the skies:
you're left your weight. And your last ties
to anything that sings.

Yet Not to Listen to That Sung Nothing

I woke in Florida, late and lazy, my sill
(my few flown hours from winter) a blaze
of tropic, and on it, like a small soul
spilling its echoes of heaven—a fluff of bliss
in full throb—a mockingbird went on and on
in the thrill of itself in that near sun.
Birds have nothing to say. Yet not to listen
to that sung nothing is the death of rapture.
Rapture or loneliness?—the difference is in
what one is reminded of, listening. Only after
reminders can one hear the first, last, and first
again sweet scald of nothing in the bird-burst

godlings that wake, like rose-heads trembling
on their trellises, or hibiscuses like a million
butterflies just lighting, or the rambling
trumpets of a vine lifting to blow to Zion
that the time is come of the splitting of the horn
of plenty, that a honey-spilling sun is born

and not heaven, nor earth, nor any waking man
can hold the outpouring of an instant
of nothing, all, and nothing, again and again
on its sill in that sun, where the infant
soul of a bird, its few flown hours
from winter again, sings, and a man, wakened, hears.

Gulls Land and Chase to Be

Spread back across the air, wings wide.
  legs out, the wind delicately
dumped in balance, the gulls ride
  down, down, hang, and, exactly,
touch, folding not quite at once
  into their gangling weight, but
taking one step, two, wings still askance,
  reluctantly, at last, shut,
    twitch one look around,
    and are aground.

Birds, Like Thoughts

Watch a wild turkey come in to land
(they are rare, but a man can find most
of what he wants if he wants it enough
to look for it)—you see a long slant
out of the air, like the approach of
some queer plane. Its landing gear first
let down, then agitated, it starts to run
before it touches, finishes yards on
from the point of touchdown; and only then
folds its wings and is back, a hen again.

Not wrens, warblers, swallows—(I can't even see
what it is swallows do on the air. They
change it, exceed it, make it serve impossibility)—
all smaller (not lesser) birds play
instantly in and out of the air, There are no
parts to their coming, going. A whirl and they light;
a whirl and they are airborne. Watch a jay go
its long dart through branches. It is too right
to need caution. It lands like an arrow
with no separation of its motions—So!

And there it is, and instantly gone if it feels
like it. Talk about landing on a dime!—
it could land on the edge of one. I've watched
every bird I could find to look at as it wheels,
heaves, whirls, glides. Whatever is hatched
to wings has its own way with them. But I'm
sure of one thing: the more weight you take to air,
the more space you need to get down,
the more slowly. Birds are like thoughts: they're
more instant as they stay light. Both come and gone.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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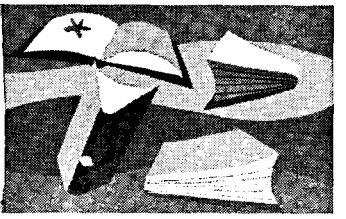
Trade Winds



From the Town of University City, Missouri, Clyde Carter writes that he has been obsessed with this classic sentence: *John, where Jim had had "had," had had "had had."*

Long used by English teachers as a stiff test of a student's ability to punc-

tuate, the sentence has stumped even experts. But Mr. Carter wonders what would happen if *another* John and Jim were given it to punctuate, and John had given up in disgust. He figures the situation would then come out something like this: *John, where Jim had had "John, where Jim had had 'had,' had had 'had had,'" had had "John where Jim had had had had had had had."*

"This brings me to the absolutely unpleasant thought," Mr. Carter writes, "that *still another* John and Jim might get involved to produce almost impossible complications."

We have a staff of three experts checking out Mr. Carter's solution to that one.

If our mail is any indication, readers of TRADE WINDS are constantly creating brain twisters for themselves. Robert Challman, for instance, a Ph.D. from Minneapolis, finds restful therapy in creating what he calls Household Poets. For the kitchen, there is Burns; the dining room, Lamb; the bedroom, Loveiace; the nursery, Suckling; the smoking room, Seegar; the laundry, Dryden; and out in the barn, De la Mare.

He is also developing a series of Occupational Poets: Wordsworth for authors; Donne for bill collectors; Pope for the Catholic clergy; and Longfellow for basketball players.

The matter of immortality resulting from an untoward act on the part of the doer has prompted Earl Reese of Philadelphia to start a list that others may add to. He suggests that John Wilkes Booth is remembered as an assassin rather than as an actor; Oscar Wilde is remembered more as a deviate than as a genius; Wrong Way Corrigan would never be remembered had he flown otherwise; Roy Reigels, who ran 105 yards the wrong way in a Rose Bowl game, is remembered mainly for this in sporting circles; the tower of Pisa would hardly be noticed if it were vertical.

At the University of Pennsylvania, Jerre Mangione recalls a twister game he used to practice as a youth, and which still haunts him. He calls it Exclamation —Without Point. It involves a series of this sort:

"What, no mummy?"
"Tut, Tut!"
"What, no drama?"
"Pshaw!"
"What, no corn?"
"Shucks!"

"These examples," Mr. Mangione writes, "may explain my reluctance to take any credit for inventing the game —if indeed I ever did."

In Hollywood, Sam Marx has spent a good many sleepless nights trying to figure out how much wisdom can be crammed into four words. He lists the following, each one neither more nor less than four words: In God we trust; this, too, shall pass; live and let live; still waters runs deep; bad news travels fast; love laughs at locksmiths; nothing succeeds like success; charity begins at home; politics makes strange bedfellows; nothing ventured, nothing gained; man proposes, God disposes; let sleeping dogs lie.

The moral may be: If you can't say it in four words, don't say it.

There are many other faithful readers who find this kind of small-game hunting a rewarding malady.

Reader Charles Mantoni has created a game called Hollywood. For a film about the sea, he would cast George Raft, Howard Keel, Ethel Waters, and Clara Bow. For religious drama, he would cast George Abbott, Thelonious Monk, and Shirley Temple.

Bob Busby, of the city desk of the Kansas City *Star*, recalls a game that he and his former colleagues on the Cherryville (Kansas) *Republican* called Famous Passes: Thou shalt not . . .; Pippa . . .; Kybher . . .; Faux . . .; Ships that . . .; . . . at girls who wear glasses.

Bob Peck and Phil Desmond are fascinated by what they call Classic Cognometry. They would develop such enterprises as: Habeas and Corpus, undertakers; Ipso Facto, Inc., data processors; Lux et Veritas, honest electricians;

Ave atque Vale Tours, Inc.; De Profundis, Inc., well diggers; Caveat Emptor, Inc., used cars.

Charles Sweningsen has a rather simple game: He keeps a sharp eye out for extraordinary candor, or self-effacing names of businesses. His first is an actual company in Chicago called Adequate Electric Company.

Howard P. Hudson is now on a sharp lookout for redundancies. He heard a sports broadcaster, for instance, describe Patty Berg as a "leading female woman golfer." In the same interview, Miss Berg continued with: "I'm going to Europe, and then to the Continent."

Harriet Silverman is developing a game she calls Unlikely Double Features, in which a moviehouse might combine *The Key* and *The Apartment; If a Man Answers* and *Sorry, Wrong Number; Giant* and *The Incredible Shrinking Man.*

If there is any more fodder for insomniacs, we'd be delighted to hear about it. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1568)

A. L. ROWSE:
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The key to the resolution of the problems of the Sonnets, all of which are now cleared up—except for the identity of Shakespeare's mistress, which we are never likely to know—has been to follow strict historical method and establish a firm dating and chronology.

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THE VANISHING NOVEL

An author argues that the genre of Fielding, Austen, and Hemingway, beset by disinterest and mass-media competition, is withering away

By HERBERT KUBLY

IN NEW YORK I live on the upper West Side. Since this is the less chic, less expensive side of the park, quite a number of my neighbors are professional writers. There exists in the area a restricted society known as Novelists Anonymous, which meets once a week in one or another of the neighborhood restaurants for lunch. The single condition for membership is the taking of a pledge never to write another novel. The membership includes five reformed novelists who have written a total of twelve novels, one of which won a Pulitzer Prize. Today, two are writing for Hollywood and two for television; one is a magazine editor. All are prosperous. When it was suggested to one of the Hollywood converts, the author of a single highly successful novel, that he should try another, he replied: "You think I'm crazy? I'm not putting my neck in that noose again."

Last fall after the publication of my first novel it was suggested to me that I might like to join. I did not then share the members' cynicism about the future of fiction, so I did not take the pledge. To satisfy my curiosity, however, I began to think and talk about the fate of the novel.

The history of the novel as we know it is astonishingly short—covering barely more than two centuries. The novel form developed in the eighteenth century, rose to its peak in the nineteeth, and now, if the portents are to be credited, is declining in the twentieth. I am not speaking of the art of fiction, which is as old as civilization. The telling of tales in prose was popularized in fourteenth-century Italy by Boccaccio and a school of followers. From Spain came Cervantes's great satirical romance, *Don Quixote*, and in France the lusty friar, Rabelais, gave us *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*. In England, of course, there were Chaucer, Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

But the novel, when it came, was a reaction to such formal romancings, and quite another matter. It grew out of the literary demands of the English middle class, a previously illiterate public that, with increasing prosperity, became able for the first time to read words on a page. That the novel's three great innovators, Daniel Defoe, Samuel Richardson, and Henry Fielding, were of the same nation and generation was no accident. Conditions in lusty pastoral England were just right for the burgeoning of their genius. Philosophical thought had been liberated by Descartes' *Discourse on Method*, with its premise that the pursuit of truth is an individual matter, independent of traditional thought. Thus freed, the three inventors of the novel were doing precisely this—presenting the truth of life as they saw it. The result was a new realism that looked closely at human beings and presented them without their social masks.

One might say the novel had a somewhat scandalous birth: Defoe's Moll Flanders was, among other things, a thief; Richardson's Pamela was a hypocrite; and Fielding's Tom Jones was a lusty wencher. But the authors presented not only the seamy side; they presented all of life. Individual experience was their raw material, and individual experience is forever new and unique. Traditionally accepted plots were abandoned; the authors let their narratives flow spontaneously out of their own intuition about what their protagonists might do next. What plots there were arose out of the psychology of the characters, instead of being superimposed on them by the authors. The new art of the novel was to show, to let a story tell itself, instead of having to be told by the author. A reader, forgetting he was reading a book, was brought to life in the book's own world; he was given the feeling he was actually there. Such a relationship between literature and life became the novel's unique province.

WHEN, a few years back, an American editor asked one of the ablest—and currently the eldest—masters of fiction, Somerset Maugham, to select the ten great novels of all time, he chose one, *Tom Jones*, from the eighteenth century and nine from the nineteenth. It is a matter of interest to note that four novels were English, three French, two Russian, and one, *Moby Dick*, American. Extending it for historical purposes to 1914, Mr. Maugham makes the obvious conclusion that the nineteenth century was the century of the novel.

Let us look for a moment at the beginning of this marvelously literary century, into the life of one of its greatest novelists, Jane Austen. Jane and her sister Casandra, daughters of one of England's oldest landed gentry families, made their own clothes and their brothers' shirts. They were talented cooks who cured the household hams and fermented mead and wine. They loved theatricals and dancing and their great-

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Herbert Kubly is the author of a novel, *The Whistling Zone*, and a collection of short stories, *Varieties of Love*, among other works. This article is adapted from a recent lecture at Marquette University, Milwaukee.

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est pleasures were the neighborhood balls. They went to church on Sundays, they read the family prayers mornings and evenings, and they told and read stories to one another around the family fire. Out of such a cozily intimate world came *Pride and Prejudice* and five other novels that the author, being a woman of quality, signed simply "By a lady," and when her nephew read them with delight at school he did not know his Aunt Jane had written them.

After Jane Austen the epochal date was 1836, when *The Pickwick Papers* was published by the most imaginative genius of English letters. Dickens was the first of a great school of Victorian novelists all born in the decade when Jane Austen published her novels—Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot. All were humanists, all were dedicated to a reform of social injustice. And they understood above all things that the first function of a novel was neither to instruct nor to propagandize, but to amuse and to entertain. If it failed to do that, it could do nothing else.

The century in which they lived was a century of revolutionary ideas, of great changes in social, economic, and political theory. But the concepts of Darwin and Marx and Ibsen did not drastically change the practical lives of people. Because society still had the illusion of stability and permanence, nineteenth-century novelists—Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert in France, Hawthorne and Melville in America, Dostoevski and Tolstoy in Russia—were able to comprehend it, take hold of it, and recreate it according to the new ideas fermenting all around them. New thought was there, smoldering under traditional social structures, like lava under a tranquil southern island. Not until the cataclysm of the First World War did it erupt to destroy the old life and the old order.

THE upheaval was felt in literature, too. With great social and political changes everywhere in the world, the public wanted novels that faced the new problems. Readers who had lived out the reality of a cruel war with its millions of corpses now demanded an even greater reality in their fiction. They got it in Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms.* The Common Man was the new hero, and the popular premise was that society was badly organized and that man, who was good, was its victim. The lone-wolf hero, his private vision in conflict with the public world, became the theme of D. H. Lawrence and, intensified by psychoanalytical orientation, of Kafka, Joyce, and later Camus. The new sociological novelists presented not one individual but whole societies, as Thomas Mann in *Buddenbrooks,* John Galsworthy in *The Forsyte Saga,* and Americans Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and Sinclair Lewis. America had not, like disillusioned Europe, been left in ruin by the war, so Americans continued to believe in the stabilizing values of society, in God and government, in opportunity and enterprise. In the history of the novel the decades between the two wars became the American period. American writers were dealing more and more penetratingly with what goes on in men's minds and more and more explicitly with what they were doing with their bodies. The floating heroes of Hemingway and Wolfe, cut off from their past and leading to no future, and the martyrs of William Faulkner, condemned to their predestined protestant doom, were known and discussed throughout the West. Social-protest novelists like James T. Farrell and John Steinbeck could be critical of capitalist society because they still believed in it, because its tenets were to them established, familiar, and enduring. Values might be in flux, but American society was there, solid and palpable, motivated by its faith in material gain. It continued, this illusion of security, until 1939, the year of crisis, which, it can now be said, was also the beginning of the crisis in the novel.

THAT period between the wars was the one in which I and a majority of the present generation of writers grew up. Novels were still vital, compelling entities read with a great deal of suspenseful excitement. Living in the country, we received our mail a day after it arrived in town and I can remember my mother, unable to wait twenty-four hours, phoning a friend in town for a *précis* of the newest installment of a serialized novel. Escaping into the woods of our farm, I was reading *Green Mansions, The Way of All Flesh, Sons and Lovers, Remembrance of Things Past, The Brothers Karamazov,* and *Ulysses.* I began to sense how novels changed people's lives, how of all things that were written they were most enduring. On one of those torpid, life-drenched summer afternoons the idea came to me that I would be a writer.

Today, after a quarter-century of social and political change, there is evidence that the novel as we know it is in danger of vanishing.

Of 25,784 books published last year, 3,124, or less than 12 per cent, were fiction. A publisher said, "The novelist has

"Would you mind being a bit more careful?"

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the toughest row to hoe—if he is one of the unlucky ones it takes almost superhuman endurance and ego to stick it out." Another publisher called fiction a "dead weight" on the market; he was speaking, of course, of the majority of novels and not of the small few that become best-sellers. "The trouble," said he, "is the tremendous gap between the novel that sells less than 5,000 copies and the one that sells a half-million." A third publisher said, "It has become almost impossible to publicize, get reviewed, and sell a first novel." Still another New York publisher accepts no fiction at all.

A literary agent described the novelist's dilemma as "heartbreaking." An agent who began business fifteen years ago, dealing almost exclusively in fiction, revealed that of the twenty books he sold in 1963, only two were fiction and one of those was a suspense mystery. Still another agent said, "There are as many good first novels floating around unpublished as are published." He had a novel turned down by twenty publishers, and then, when it was announced by an English publisher, one of the American publishers asked to see it again and bought it. Such tales of rejection are, of course, part of the publishing apocrypha. Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* was turned down by twelve publishers before it became a famous best-seller.

FIFTEEN years ago Frederick Lewis Allen, editor of *Harper's* magazine, observed that nonfiction was crowding fiction out of magazines. Today, the managing editor of *Harper's*, Russell Lynes, says, "We used to publish two stories a month, but the demand for factual material has become so great we now publish only one and we have no backlog. The good stories simply aren't being written."

Let's take a look at what some of America's proven fiction authors are writing. Vance Bourjaily has lately published a book on duck hunting. Nelson Algren's last two published books were nonfiction. Truman Capote's next book will be a study of a Kansas murder. Alfred Hayes writes for movies and TV. Mark Harris writes for movies and recently published a book on the decline of Richard Nixon. Norman Mailer, author of the best novel of World War II, continues the self-aggrandizement begun in his *Advertisements for Myself* with his new title, *The Presidential Papers*. Herbert Gold writes for *Playboy* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, and one of America's greatest woman novelists, Kay Boyle, is working on a history of Germany. When novelists stop writing fiction, it's for the same reasons that playwrights stop writing plays. The business of publishing does not permit them to write the books they want to write, any more than the business of play-producing lets playwrights write the plays they want to write.

We have in America the frequent phenomenon of a single-shot novelist, the fellow who publishes one novel, often praised, sometimes successful, and then is never heard from again. Why does he stop?

Glenway Wescott, who published the last of his three novels in 1945, said, "It is inadvisable for a writer to undertake novels unless he is sure of being able to produce a great quantity in a popular vein." James Michener, one of the successful ones, has said that the author of a first published novel makes an average of $900—much less for his time than a plumber—and that perhaps eighty novelists, including the detective, horror, and girl-in-motel fellows, make any sort of living at fiction. An even more pessimistic author says a good first novel, prominently and favorably reviewed, may sell as few as 600 copies. Assuming such a novelist wrote a second or even a third draft of his book, his royalties would not, at prevailing prices, cover his typing bills. Some authors of my acquaintance have solved this problem by marrying typists.

But a writer is not supposed to complain; in doing so he relegates himself into the paranoia of moaners and wailers. So I shall conclude my lament with some hard-shell statistics. In his book, *How Authors Make a Living*, Professor W. C. Lord reports that 71.3 per cent of published American authors earn less than $5,000 a year by writing and 50 per cent earn less than $1,600. This puts the majority of our authors into the poverty class of American society.

How, in a country of 180,000,000 people, is this possible? Who are the enemies?

First among enemies is the time in which we live. Novel reading is an act of leisure. While shorter working hours and automation increase our free time, the anxious pressures on our lives decrease our leisure. Novels require intellectual effort, and too many distractions, too many mass-media bids for our attention are turning us into an intellectually lazy race. The appetite for fiction and fantasy that used to be satisfied by novels is, in our overcommunicating times, fed with less mental effort by TV, movies, and a burgeoning of escapist magazines. What, after all, do we need fiction for? The realism that readers once sought in Charles Dickens or Emile Zola can hardly compare with the hair-raising realism in the morning papers and on evening TV. So oriented are we to current events that when we do sit down to read, we are apt to select something that either relates to or competes with the sensations of the day.

A more mortal, palpable enemy is the publisher himself. There are all kinds of publishers, God knows, and I am at the moment on a happy honeymoon with a new one I think is fine. But there are others whose cynical commercialism is comparable to the huckstering of cancer-filtered cigarettes and hangoverless whisky, and their sensitivity is considerably less. Pigeonholing creative work into categories, they predetermine, by their mystique of market analysis, whether a book will sell or not. Fates of books are decided not by editors, but by sales managers who require guarantees in advance from movies, book clubs, paperback publishers, and magazine digests.

SUCH prudent pre-marketing has led, inevitably, to a genre of contrived, prefabricated best-sellers turned out by facile hacks who write not what they feel compelled to write but what someone wants them to write. Ideas are sprung over breakfast Bloody Marys in Hollywood's Beverly Hills Hotel or over Scotch-on-the-rocks in New York's Toots Shor's, or on a long-distance phone between the two. A publisher makes a deal with a film producer who promises an advertising snow job and a seven-star cinematic production. Among such Hollywood-inspired best-sellers are works by Rona Jaffe, Irving Wallace, and Harold Robbins, who, according to the columns, has just received, for an unwritten, untitled novel about the jet set, an advance of $1,000,000. Such trashy books purveyed as literature with a high price can hardly stimulate long-range buying and reading of fiction. Since someone obviously does read them, their effect on the literary taste of our culture is a matter of speculation.

Another marketing strategy that can hardly be furthering the cause of the novel is an all-out pandering to our mass-media civilization's personality cult. Authors, not books, are sold; a writer's market rating is determined less by the quality of his work than by his exotic background, his success as a TV raconteur, his café society friends, or his infamous morals. A lady novelist, complaining figuratively, said, "You have to be big, big, big to be promoted and I measure only 36A." One wonders what would have happened had Jane Austen or Harriet Beecher Stowe been subjected to press-agentry.

To appease the insatiable appetite for sensation that in our headline-hunting civilization appears to be replacing what once was a healthy hunger for fiction, we have the confessions. Ex-alcoholics, ex-junkies, ex-criminals, politi-

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cians, film, stage, and TV performers all spew their narcissistic apologias into tape recorders or to ghost writers, with the result that our book stores are glutted with non-books written by non-writers for non-readers about nothing. And George Santayana's lament for the diminishing life of the spirit echoes, as from a distance, in our ears.

The spectacular wonder of our mass-media epoch is the pre-sold best-seller, the book that by a favorable constellation of publishing, critical, and academic exuberance is a success even before it is published. Some of these books, like Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*, are masterpieces. Others, like James Gould Cozzens's *By Love Possessed* and Mary McCarthy's current *The Group*, are conjecturable. Still others, like Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*, while certainly best-sellers, are not so certainly best-read. Such books are as often as not status symbols to languish on coffee tables. Selling a half-million copies may be rewarding to an author, but I am not sure the cause of fiction is so greatly benefited. A dilatory book buyer who pays $7.50 for a novel and then finds he can't get through it is not apt to get stuck with another soon.

STILL another determinant in the decline of the novel is the decline of the editor. Whether because of a diminished sensitivity or simply because of the pressures of book manufacturing, the gifted editor of fiction appears to be almost extinct. Everyone knows the classic story of the genius at Scribner's, Maxwell Perkins, who took the gigantic disgorgings of Thomas Wolfe and, by masterful cutting and structuring, shaped them into novels. What author, whose relationship to his material must be subjective, could not benefit from such judicious objectivity? Where can he find it? In my own case, after three years of writing, I had a thousand unwieldy pages of manuscript and there was no one at my publisher's able to offer help.

Fortunately, I found a friend, a skilled and experienced writer, to guide me through my revision.

On my list of enemies of the novel, there are also reviewers. Influenced by current fashions as well as advertising budgets, the reviewer functions, in the words of Wright Morris, "as an overworked wine-taster, tipsy at his task, who sips up a mouthful and then spits it out." Professional reviewing must become, in the long haul, like driving on a turnpike—there is a diminishing awareness and an increasing somnambulance. Unfortunately, there are no pep-up pills for critics, and the effect of their unconsciousness on literature is catastrophic. Here is the first paragraph of a review that appeared in the *New York Times:*

"What a pleasure it is to read a short novel! A book that does not weigh heavily on the lap, a book that can be carried with ease, a book that can be finished at one sitting, a book in simple English prose, a book without convolutions in either style or plot, a book that is not an amateur psychoanalysis, a book that requires no thought from the reader—surely these are rare qualities in today's fiction. Nicholas Monsarrat's *Smith and Jones* is such a short novel, not much heavier than a paperback and not much weightier."

This is a very tired critic! A check of ten issues of the *New York Times Book Review* showed full-scale reviews of 118 nonfiction books and sixty-two fiction. Of the sixty-two volumes of fiction reviewed, twenty-seven were foreign and thirty-five, including one book of short stories, were American. In addition to the difference in numbers, the nonfiction reviews were a third again as long as the fiction. The conclusion would appear obvious: in the current shift from fiction to nonfiction, reviewers are leading the public.

There is still another enemy—a basic one—with which the author must contend. This is the world about which he must write. Compare his world to the intellectually individualistic world of Jane Austen and Charles Dickens, or to the socially defined world of Marcel Proust. Demarcations of class have become obscured and are no longer definable. Centers of authority, such as family, church, and schools, have lost their controls; in New York fifteen high school teachers were attacked by students in one school week. Though events proliferate at dizzying speeds, the individual is no longer touched by experiences. Opinion is a manufactured commodity, flowing from the top down. As we become increasingly aware of our social powerlessness, of a life over which we have less and less control, we accept passivity as a survival expedient.

When he is young, a writer may try to escape. After the war, almost two decades ago, my generation escaped geographically to Paris, to Rome, to Mexico. Some stayed as expatriates, but most of us, discovering by leaving America those bonds and loyalties that marked us as inviolably American, returned home. The generation of the Fifties and Sixties escaped also, not geographically to foreign shores, but to the more ephemeral shores of their own subconscious, into the hallucinatory worlds of marijuana and the mushroom, of heroin and lysergic acid, into the Reichian world of sex and deviation, into the mystical exercises of Oriental sects. Priests of this new frontier are Kerouac, Ginsburg, Gregory Corso, and lately William Burroughs and John Rechy. Their anti-novels speak to and

(*Continued on page* 26)

"Somehow I had the idea that Jack's boss would be an *older* man."

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Parallel Proverbs

By MARIO PEI

PROVERBS are among the most ancient of human institutions. Numerous proverbs appear in the tongues of which we have the oldest existing records: Egyptian, Akkadian, Chinese, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. The Hebrews have contributed to the Bible an entire "Book of Proverbs." Yet, though most countries teem with popular sayings, a few groups have none. Literacy and culture seem to have nothing to do with it. The African Negroes have many proverbs, the American Indians none.

Criticism of life, in brief and pithy form, is characteristic of proverbs, while their popular philosophy is, indeed, proverbial. "Proverbs are the wisdom of peoples" goes an Italian saying. This is perhaps an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that much of a nation's folk-philosophy gets into proverbs, along with the spice of national customs and, above all, the peculiar flavor of the nation's language and phraseology.

How did proverbs originate? No one knows exactly, but if the Greeks have given us a correct etymology in their word for "proverb" (*paroimia*, "by the roadside"), then proverbs are sayings that have grown up "along the road." The Latin equivalent, *proverbium*, means "a word uttered forth" or "publicly." Proverbs are generalizations of human experience, condensations of oft-repeated occurrences of the trial-and-error variety. Above all, they are the fruit of observation and inductive reasoning, two of the great faculties of the human mind.

A sage of ancient Babylon, Palestine, Greece, or Rome, watching the infinite variations of events taking place around him, yet noticing that similar sequences led more or less inevitably to the same outcome, was undoubtedly the one who first spun the generalization. Then he offered it, as the Greek word implies, "along the road," to anyone who cared to listen. The saying caught on, became popular, was passed from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation. Ultimately, it became an integral part of the group's folklore, and was repeated whenever the situation it described recurred.

"Language," says an Arab proverb, "is a steed that carries one into a far country." But for proverbs a distant journey is hardly necessary, because "many minds with but a single thought" is often highly appropriate. Proverbs prove that human nature is one, whether in New York or Moscow, Peking or Timbuctoo. If there is an element of common vicissitude, then many languages will be sure to "have a word for it."

SOME sayings are almost prehistoric, others quite modern. "What is healthy to a Russian is death to a German" sounds like something manufactured during the three winter campaigns of the Second World War. Actually, it goes back several centuries and is the Russian way of saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

"You can't fool all of the people all of the time" is attributed to Lincoln. It received a vivid demonstration in Fascist Italy, where Mussolini's followers were trying to force their own manufactured slogan down the people's throats: "Mussolini is always right!" "Particularly when he's wrong" was the addition made by an unknown native wit. And that was the way the slogan stuck, to plague the Fascists.

It was not the first time, for Italians specialize in taking internationally known bromides and giving them a humorous twist: "Silence is assent; but if you keep your mouth shut you're not saying anything"; or "Slow but sure—and you never get there."

Many sayings are international, proving that "great minds run in the same channel," even if the minds are anonymous. But the same idea can be expressed in different ways. Witness our "Too many cooks spoil the broth"; in Russian it runs: "With seven nurses, the child goes blind"; in Persian, "Two captains sink the ship"; in Japanese, "Too many boatmen run the boat up to the top of a mountain"; in Italian, "With too many roosters crowing, the sun never comes up." We "call a spade a spade," but the Spaniards "call bread bread and wine wine." We say, "Don't bite the hand that's feeding you," while the Russians say, "Don't defile the well; you might want to drink from it," and the French, "Don't spit in the air; it might fall back on you." "Pray to God and keep your powder dry" is, in Russian, "Pray to God, but row toward shore."

"Don't put the cart before the horse" has a counterpart in Finnish: "Trees are climbed from the bottom, not from the top." "Don't bite off more than you can chew" is paralleled by Rumania's "Don't stretch yourself till you're longer than your blanket." "Setting a thief to catch a thief" is, in Hungarian, "Setting a dog to watch the bacon." "To have one's cake and eat it" is, in Russian, "Keeping one's innocence and accumulating capital." To the Russian, "a fly in the ointment" is "a spoonful of tar in our cask of honey"; "When in Rome do as the Romans do" is "When living with wolves, howl like a wolf"; "to hit the nail on the head" is "to smite not on the brow, but in the eye"; "to have a heavy heart" is "to have cats scratching on your heart." The old Latin proverb, "In the land of the blind a one-eyed man is king," is curiously paralleled by Korea's "Where there are no tigers, a wildcat is very self-important."

Every proverb tells a story and teaches a lesson. "If the pitcher hits the rock, or the rock hits the pitcher, it's too bad for the pitcher" is a Spanish warning that you should not pit yourself against superior forces. China says the same thing in these words: "Don't set out unarmed to fight a tiger." Our American Southern counterpart is, "The worm is

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wrong when it argues with the hen." "The palest ink is better than the most retentive memory" is China's admonition to "put it in writing," while Spain urges, "Don't sign papers you don't read, or drink water you don't see." Portugal, in the same vein, reminds you that, "Caution and chicken broth never harmed anyone."

Proverbs are often cynical, especially in money matters. "The coalman is black, but his money is white," says a Portuguese proverb. "The poor man dies waiting for the rich man to make up his mind" is an Albanian expression of skepticism, while Rumania has it: "The rich man makes a mistake, and the poor man hastens to apologize." "When it rains oatmeal, the poor man has no spoon to catch it with" is Sweden's contribution to pessimism, while the Italians assert that "Those who have bread have no teeth, and those who have teeth have no bread." Czechoslovakia sagely advises: "If you have no money, don't go to the inn." Surprisingly, it is Japanese, not Russian, that has the most rabidly anti-capitalistic saying: "A rich man and a spittoon grow dirtier as they accumulate." Japanese further shows its contempt for earthly wealth by saying: "There is no instance of a naked man ever losing anything."

Cynicism appears in other connections. "Those who die are at rest; those who live set their hearts at rest" is Italy's rather bitter reflection on life and death. France is more light-hearted: "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs." "The pleas of the mighty thunder out like commands," say the Swiss. America says: "When luck gets to running your way, sawdust is as good as brains," and Russia concurs with "Be born neither wise nor fair, but lucky." Highly pessimistic are Russia's "Good luck disappears like our hair; bad luck hangs on like our fingernails," and Spain's "Welcome, evil, if you come alone."

Proverbs of various countries are sometimes contradictory. "To trust is well, but not to trust is better," says Italian, but Spanish counters: "If you lose a knife that doesn't cut, or a friend that doesn't lend, you're not losing much." "Three-tenths according to a man's ability; seven-tenths according to his clothes" is China's way of saying that "Clothes make the man"; but Spain denies this: "Though the monkey wear silk, it's still a monkey." Contradictions may even appear in the same tongue. "A wife and a floor mat are good when fresh and new" and "A wife and kettle get better as they grow older" are both from Japan.

Most proverbs were born at a time when civilization was agricultural and earthy; they seldom speak of machines, often of farm animals. "A big ox plows a crooked furrow," says the Czech. "A donkey's braying does not reach heaven," says the Italian. "Seat a pig at the table and he'll put his feet on it," says the Russian. "Why make an ox or a horse of yourself for posterity?" inquires the Chinese.

There is scarcely any contingency of life that is not covered by some national saying. "With words alone, you don't make the soup" is Rumania's way of reminding you that "Action speak louder than words." The Italian equivalent, "Deeds are masculine, words feminine" has been borrowed, untranslated, as the motto of our Naval Academy at Annapolis. China has it: "Talk cooks no rice," and our Southern Negroes say: " 'Mean to' don't pick no cotton."

"A swimmer's real skill is knowing how to keep his eye on his clothes," warns Spanish; and the Chinese gently admonishes: "Don't lean against a bamboo fence; lean against a wall." "Better to be waited for than to wait" is the Japanese excuse for being late to an appointment, while Arabic has a typical lazy man's proverb: "It is better to walk than to run; better to stand than to walk; better to sit than to stand; better to lie than to sit." Czech has a good slogan for salesmen: "When you're trying to catch a bird, sing to it nicely"; while Macedonia warns you to "Be a man, not a mouse" in these words: "If you turn into a lamb, the wolf will eat you up."

Volumes of philosophy are at times wrapped up in one saying. The Arabic "Birth is the messenger of death," the Rumanian "What man fears he cannot escape," the Italian "Graveyards are full of after-wisdom" are cases in point. For sheer moral grandeur, it is hard to beat Finland's "Fire cannot destroy the truth," Switzerland's "Conscience is a better guide than science," or China's "Those who follow that part of themselves which is great, are great men; those who follow that part of themselves which is small, are small men." A Spanish proverb runs: "God says: 'Take what you want, and pay for it.' " From our South Carolina mountaineers comes: "We ain't what we want to be, and we ain't what we're goin' to be, but we ain't what we wuz."

Philosophy is often interlarded with humor. The Czechs, for instance, say: "Real suffering is not working on a mountaintop; it's working among people." "The cat knows perfectly well whose chops he's licking," say the Portuguese. And the Chinese, with their Confucian background, have this to offer: "The good man, doing good, finds the day too short; the evil man, doing evil, likewise finds the day too short."

God and the devil play conspicuous roles. "The doctor examines you, but God makes you well," says a Polish proverb. "God does not pay off on Saturday, but by Sunday everything's paid up" is the Italian tribute to divine justice.

The devil of proverbial utterances is an imp. "Man makes fun of man, and the devil makes fun of all of them" says Rumanian. "Man is fire; woman is firewood; the devil comes along and blows on them," says Spanish. Albania believes in appeasement: "Light a candle to the devil, too, so he'll do you no harm." But Macedonia thinks it's no use: "The devil doesn't listen to sermons."

WOMAN is all-powerful in some proverbs. "Man is the product of the women he has known" and "What woman wants, God wants," says the gallant Frenchman; and the Italian agrees by saying: "A woman's hair pulls more than a yoke of oxen." But there are limitations: "The prettiest girl in the world can only give what she's got" is another French saying (the Italian counterpart is "The cask can give only the wine it holds").

The fickleness of woman is celebrated in song and saying. "When she says no, a woman shakes her head lengthwise," say the Japanese; but out of fairness they add: "A man's heart is as changeful as the autumn sky." The Chinese add a touch of domestic cynicism: "Two women in one room are one too many." The Russians are nasty: "A dog is wiser than a woman; it doesn't bark at its master."

Love and marriage, of course, have their innings. Keep your eye on people in love, because they are all stone blind," says Portugal. "If you hanker to be a martyr, lead a rich wife to the altar," says Switzerland. "When the bride is in the cradle, the bridegroom should be old enough to ride a horse" is Russia's idea of the proper age difference between the sexes. The Poles are bitter about marriage: "The woman cries before the wedding; the man cries afterwards." But the Russians think they know what to do about it: "Love your wife like your soul, and beat her like your fur coat."

The Dutch are pessimists about remarriage: "To marry once is a duty; twice, an act of foolishness; three times, lunacy." To which the French add: "Divorce is the sacrament of adultery."

The upbringing of children appears not only in our "Spare the rod and spoil the child"; the Danes say, "Give to a pig when it grunts, and to a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a bad child."

Both fools and sages are the object of ridicule. "Giving advice to a fool is like giving medicine to a dead man" is an old American proverb. "A fool can ask more questions than seven wise men can answer," says a German proverb. But a Spanish proverb counters: 'There is no

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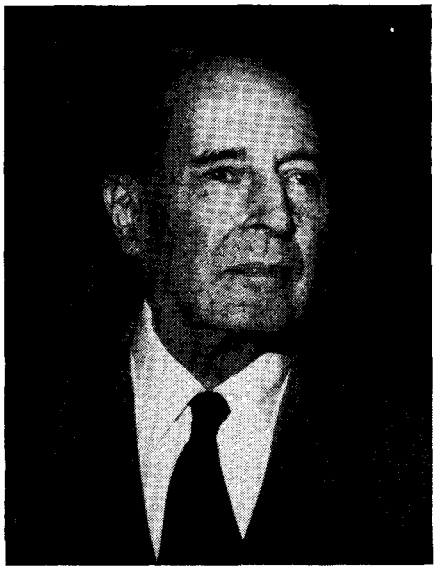
Douglas MacArthur

THEY demanded for him the highest honors but they saw to it that he was deprived of a decent burial. They intoned the articles of his integrity but no sooner was he unable to speak than they put foul words in his stilled mouth, causing him to say things he had never been known to say in life. They said he was a man to be respected and venerated, but even before he was laid to rest they jumped up and down on his casket with microphones and amplifiers, involving him in the kind of sordid controversy he rigorously avoided in retirement. They pointed to his towering nobility but they pulled him down to their own level where the smells of the political gutter were rankest. They acclaimed him as a hero but they did their best to make him sound like a knave.

Who are "they"? Only superficially are "they" the scoop-hungry newsmen. More basically, "they" are the extremist supporters who never really understood him. They never understood him in life or death. They had a craving for someone who could be proud and powerful, a military hero who would symbolize both the national honor and glory. He symbolized all these things but he was not a militarist. He was not a lover of big bombs or a brandisher of hot swords. He was not fitted to a white horse or to any of the extremist platforms from which a strong man would pronounce and denounce, propose and dispose. Yes, there was grandeur to the man. He could be hard, haughty, impatient. He could drive forward when he had an objective to reach, and he was disdainful of obstructions. And no one surpassed his genius for invoking patriotism. But he was not a tub-thumping jingoist who contrived to juxtapose the national cause against the human cause. He may have been autocratic in manner but he was democratic in purpose. His main job in life was done in soldier's uniform but this was not the way he wanted ultimately to be remembered.

"Could I have but a line a century hence crediting a contribution to the advance of peace," he once said, "I would gladly yield every honor which has been accorded me in war."



—*Leo Rosenthal (Pix).*
Douglas MacArthur: "I would gladly yield every honor . . . accorded me in war."

And again, he had expressed the hope that if a future historian should judge him worthy "of some slight reference," it would be not as a military commander but as a man determined to create a genuine basis for justice and peace.

But in the headlines and in the flaming newspaper stories after his death, what he had prayed would not happen did happen. They extolled him as a great military figure, which he was, but they gave very little notice to the things of which he was proudest and which may help to change history for the better. He was proud to be called the liberator of the Philippines but he was at least equally proud of his insistence that the civilian government of the Philippines come ahead of the military. He was proud to have received the articles of military surrender from the Japanese but he was even prouder that the central purpose of his occupation was to create civilian rule within the shortest possible time. And he was especially proud that Japan was the first nation in human history to renounce war and the means of war.

This renunciation was written into the new Japanese Constitution that took shape under the Occupation. Two other features of that Constitution he believed were also of historic significance. One was the clause decreeing the end of feudalism and the social injustices inherent in it. The second was a bill of rights and the establishment of an independent judiciary.

He regarded the Japanese Constitution not merely as an expression of ultimate aspiration but as a statement of working principles. He didn't come to Japan for the purpose of helping to lay down a superficial veneer but to participate in the making of a profound revolution in the democratization of a nation—and he never hesitated to use the word "democracy" even though the extremists at home who professed to worship him had the strongest contempt for the term. He sponsored a program of land reform under which millions of acres were turned over to the peasants who had worked the land for absentee owners. He fought against the usury that impoverished countless numbers of farmers and tradesmen. He helped to set free the largest politically and socially disfranchised group in Japan—women. He made it possible for Japanese laborers to be represented through organized collective bargaining.

All these were substantial achievements, and they were all interrelated;

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but it is possible that the clause in the Japanese Constitution renouncing war was the achievement that meant the most to him personally.

He liked to recall the time that Prime Minister Shidehara came to him and agreed that the best way of serving and saving Japan was by abolishing war as an international instrument. "The world will laugh at us as impractical visionaries," the Prime Minister said, "but a hundred years from now we will be called prophets."

He spoke at a joint session of the Congress of the Republic of the Philippines three years ago in what was perhaps his last important public appearance. He said the great question of our time is whether war could be outlawed from the world. "If so, it would make the greatest advance in civilization since the Sermon on the Mount. It would lift at one stroke the darkest shadow which has engulfed mankind from the beginning."

He was never called a visionary, yet he felt most at home with visions of a better world.

"Many will say, with mockery and ridicule," he declared, "that the abolition of war can be only a dream—that it is but the vague imagining of a visionary. But we must go on or we will go under. And the great criticism that can be made is that the world lacks a plan that will enable us to go on."

His main rebuke of leaders in government was not so much that they interfered with the military but that they weren't sufficiently imaginative in creating the design for a world under law.

"Leaders must not be laggards," he said. "They have not even approached the basic problem, much less evolved a working formula to implement this public demand. They debate and turmoil over a hundred issues; they bring us to the verge of despair or raise our hopes to utopian heights over the corollary misunderstandings that stem from the threat of war. . . . Never do they dare to state the bald truth, that the next great advance in the evolution of civilization cannot take place until war is abolished."

The term "common man" may sit awkwardly on the lips of many extremists, but he had no hesitation in using the expression or in investing it with uncommon significance. The common man, he said, understands that there is no greater issue before the world than the need to outlaw war. But his leaders are at least fifty years behind him.

"We are told we must go on indefinitely as at present," he said. "With what at the end? None say; there is no definite objective. They but pass along to those that follow the search for a final solution. And, at the end, the problem will be exactly the same as that which we face now.

"Must we live for generations under the killing punishment of accelerating preparedness without an announced final purpose or, as an alternative, suicidal war . . . ? Sooner or later the world, if it is to survive, must reach a decision. The only question is, when? When will some great figure in power have sufficient imagination and moral courage to translate this universal wish, which is rapidly becoming a universal necessity, into actuality?

"We are in a new era. The old methods and solutions no longer suffice. We must have new thoughts, new ideas, new concepts, just as did our venerated forefathers when they faced a new world. There must always be one to lead, and we should be that one. We should now proclaim our readiness to

abolish war in concert with the great powers of the world. The result would be magical."

He carried these ideas into assemblies where they needed most to be heard. In January 1955, at a banquet meeting of the Los Angeles County Council of the American Legion, he talked about the implications of atomic warfare. He began by saying that many of those present had been his comrades-in-arms. Then he asked: "How is it that the institution of war has become so integrated with man's life and civilization? How has it grown to be the most vital factor in our existence?"

He asked his listeners to recognize that as soldiers they could no longer regard war as a relevant way of safeguarding values or defending a nation. The reality of scientific annihilation, he said, had destroyed the possibility of war being used "as a medium of practical settlement of international differences. Science has clearly outmoded war as a feasible arbiter. War has become a Frankenstein to destroy both sides. No longer is it the weapon of adventure whereby a short cut to international power and wealth—a place in the sun—can be gained. If you lose, you are annihilated. If you win, you stand only to lose. No longer does it possess the chance of the winner of a duel. It contains rather the germs of double suicide."

This was what he believed, yet they are now trying to make it appear that he was prevented by politicians from using atomic bombs against China in the Korean War.

He had deplored the use of the atomic bomb against Japan and had no intention of using it in the Korean War. He believed that victory was possible in both cases without nuclear bombs, and he said so. Yet he has now been made to say the opposite in death.

A President of the United States is Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. It is his right and responsibility to make ultimate decisions concerning America's politics and actions in the world. In 1951, the President could no longer countenance opposition in the field to his decisions about Korea. No man could be more opposed than was Douglas MacArthur to the President's basic decisions about Korea, but no man who understood as clearly as he did the need for the primacy of the civilian over the military in a free society would argue against the obligations of a President, once having made a difficult decision, to implement it as fully as possible.

It is possible to disagree severely with MacArthur over Korea, but it is unfair to allow even so substantial an event to blot out a view of the whole man. For if it is true that his extremist supporters have an incomplete view of Douglas MacArthur, the same is equally true of his critics. Both groups have reacted to the military posture, to the rakish tilt of the cap, to the mystique of the man. And both groups have failed to see beyond the clusters of medals. They have never taken the trouble to find out who he was philosophically; they have never gone into his library and observed the esteem he had for men like Thomas Jefferson, John Stuart Mill, Abraham Lincoln.

Some day, a biographer will succeed in writing a full-length portrait of Douglas MacArthur. It will not be an easy undertaking. It will require an almost superhuman capacity for balance and perspective. But it is clearly in the national interest that it be written. And it is in the human interest that it be read. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Sculptor Protests

MICHELANGELO'S *Pietá* has now arrived by ship from Italy. For the past 400 years it has stood in St. Peter's in Rome, where the artist himself placed it. Now it is to go on public display to promote ticket sales at the World's Fair in New York. I have three main objections to this stunt:

1. There is a real danger to the original marble carving in even the most careful transportation procedures. (The *Venus de Milo* from the Paris Louvre has recently arrived in Japan with a fragment broken from her drapery.)

2. No amount of monetary insurance could possibly have compensated for the loss of Michelangelo's immortal work of art if the ship had sunk (and there is still the homeward voyage). There is also the ever-present risk from vandals.

3. The *Pietá* is a holy statue from a dedicated Christian shrine; to show it off at a public fair for money is in the nature of a sacrilege.

This letter is too late to be an effective protest, but I hope it may arouse enough agreement to forestall similar folly in the future.

ANGUS MCDOUGALL.
(Sculptor)
Durham, N.C.

Fresh Look

FRANK C. PORTER'S article "So You Want to Work for the Government" [*SR*, Apr. 11] is indeed a fresh look at our bureaucracy. It combines sound historical documentation with a needed updating on what is now going on, especially the inroads of automation. The author pulls no punches, and I applaud his suggestion for a more vigorous interchange between private and public segments of the economy. My own professional experience has been split between government and business.

It is also encouraging for a change to read a statement about the government that presents a knowledgeable viewpoint and some energetic reforms. We surely have enough of those which spank our bureaucrats and keep insisting that all is either lost or going down the drain.

I am immediately suggesting this article as must reading for my students whose appetite for public service can be strengthened.

R. J. NOVOGROD, Acting Chairman,
Department of Political Science,
Long Island University.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

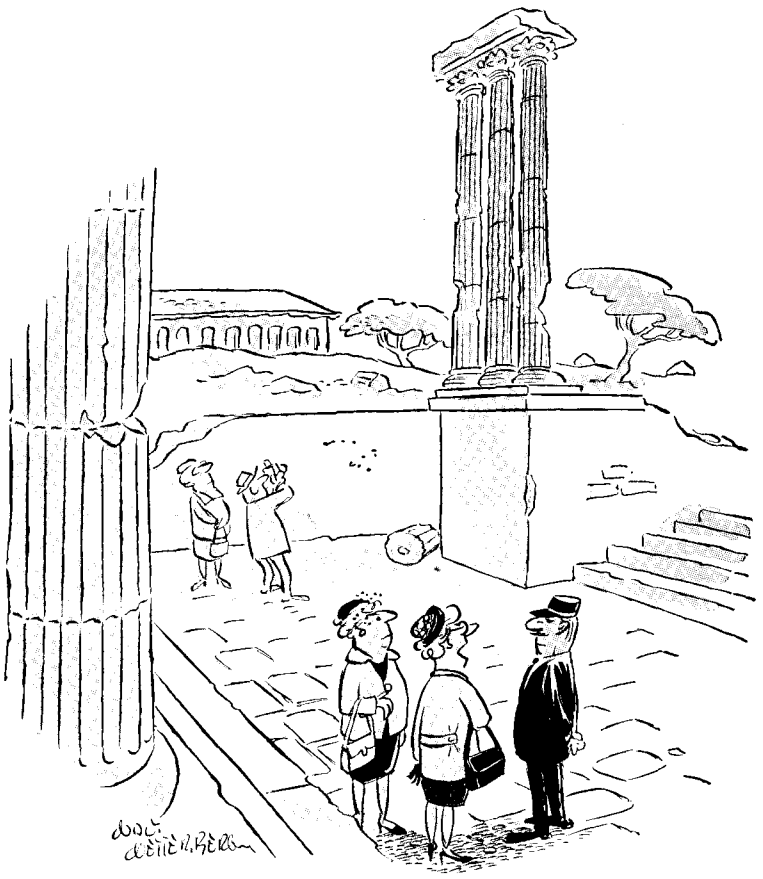
Balancing the Books

THANK YOU FOR bringing us the well-written articles about the Library of Congress and state libraries [*SR*, Apr. 11]. In the past, library articles have tended to be either critical or negative about the familiar joys of reading. But now attention is finally being paid to library functions, needs, and accomplishments. Libraries are becoming news, as education did some time ago.

The Library of Congress is the keystone of our national library system and needs adequate space, good equipment, and a first-rate staff. Otherwise all our libraries suffer.

It is also imperative that salaries be raised substantially before staff shortages become catastrophic. Few capable young people are willing to go to college for a minimum of five years and eventually earn salaries way below those of teachers. . . .

JOHN NEUFELD.
East Lansing, Mich.



"Show us where that stupid Cassius treacherously and cold-bloodedly stabbed Julius Caesar again and again and again!"

Query

WHAT HAPPENED in John Ciardi's early life that caused him to hate everybody? Why are venom and sarcasm the only things he knows how to put in his writing? He is the most intolerably egocentric smart-aleck since Shaw, who could at least claim constructive accomplishments to compensate for his irascibility.

VIRGIL J. VOGEL.
Chicago, Ill.

The Dangers of Leisure

I AM SERIOUSLY concerned about the growing implications of the term "leisure" as it applies to time and its use. The connotation of this word has changed in the course of my lifetime from one of worthy, unhurried, purposeful activity to that of sit-around-and-do-nothing time.

I submit that an individual, no matter what his intellectual level, can play golf, bowl, fish, or drink in a bar just so long. Then the activity becomes an unwanted and unproductive kind of work that is deadly for the individual and his society.

It seems to me, therefore, that the term "leisure," with its present connotation, should be abandoned for all except the most limited meaning. Some other term should be popularized, and an offhand suggestion of mine is "personal" time—free time that belongs to a person, with the inference that it should be used at least partially for the development of the individual and his community.

Although not usually a drum-beater for causes, I think that the waste-time implications of "leisure" as we have come to understand it are corrosive and dangerous.

I think that, along with a concept of "personal" time and its effective use, agencies concerned with education, community development, and culture should be working industriously on the problem. If some national figure were to start the movement, I would be happy at least to carry a water bucket for the workers.

MILT ANDRUS.
Santa Fe, N.M.

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The Day of the Parakeet

IN THE theater, the distance between failure and success can be frighteningly short. A neat demonstration of this fact is currently being provided by the Actors Studio Theater production of *Baby Want a Kiss*. For this new comedic exploration of the American scene skilfully employs the same sort of technique and insight that Edward Albee brought to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* but seems to spurn the latter's effectiveness.

Like Mr. Albee, thirty-four-year-old James Costigan has a wry sense of humor. And since he is also an actor, who is here playing the role of host of an impending party, the bearded young playwright can ironically begin his own play in character with the double-edged remark, "Oh, Lord, I hope it's going to be all right."

The party, of course, is going to be all wrong, or there wouldn't be any play. And to be sure it will be all wrong, Mr. Costigan offers us on the one hand a seedy host who clings to the more traditional pleasures of the past, and confronts him on the other with a handsome and famous Hollywood couple completely infected with the American fantasy.

The viciousness of this American fantasy is not its illusoriness but the compulsion to live its artificial absurdities as if they were true. In the movies no one ever has to go to the bathroom, so in life we call toilet paper "tissue." Our magazines make issues fashionable, so Hollywood stars build a marvelous party around a "Ban the Bomb" symposium. Our movies and advertisements insist that we look eternally seventeen, so we embrace not only plastic surgery but the vapid enthusiasms of our adolescent population. And indeed the play makes the amusing suggestion that the only chance for world unity would be to establish an International of teen-agers, whose marching song is a parakeet-training record ("Baby Want a Kiss") that has inspired a motionless, vaguely copulative dance craze.

Other symbols of the American acceptance of logical absurdities include a wristwatch that operates on fallout and a scheme for offering prospective mothers frozen movie stars in a hygienic planned-parenthood package. Equally absurd but more true to life is the democratic ideal of achieving success without help from anyone and with no talent whatsoever, or the perfect couple who boast of being great in bed together, despite the fact that basically they dislike each other.

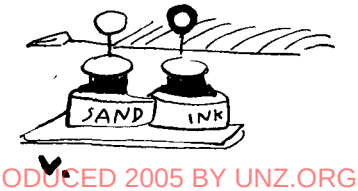
Like Mr. Albee, Mr. Costigan has attempted to give form to his play by having each of his characters play a game. Here the game is for one of them to set in motion a personal nightmare in which the other two improvise whoever and whatever the dreamer requires of them. And, again like Mr. Albee, Mr. Costigan has introduced several mysteries. One is the Hollywood couple's dead son, dead of unknown causes. Another is the star's suspected murder of his first wife and children. And a third is the unexplained fact that the star called his friend by his second wife's first name a year before he met her.

Unfortunately, *Baby Want a Kiss* keeps tacking against the wind. As the host, Mr. Costigan must repeat the response of innocent amazement and rejection. And as the movie-star couple, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward face the impossible task of playing vacuous people whose only objective is to supply amusing character revelations. Any one sequence in the play may be delightful, but the total chain of events seems capricious.

Director Frank Corsaro has also faced a difficult problem. Should he stage each scene for its maxium improvisatory inventiveness? Or should he keep fighting down artifice to make the play's action seem more human and natural? Sometimes the former technique is irresistible, as when the host and the actor's wife suddenly turn a seduction scene from *Carmen* into modern prosaicness by singing "You talk just like my ma," from *Carmen Jones*. However, the latter furnishes the play's one compelling moment when the two men sing a college drinking song together and are suddenly plunged into sadness because they have no college to associate their song with.

The result is a spotty if highly inventive evening that leaves us feeling that *Baby Want a Kiss* is closer to being a parody of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* than it is to being its successor.

—HENRY HEWES.



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TV AND RADIO

Special Effects

EVER since observers first realized that television and films have special effects on human behavior, experts have debated whether violence witnessed on the screen can stimulate viewers to aggression in real life. Probably a majority of psychologists, social workers, psychiatrists, and juvenile authorities have held that a causal relationship does exist. But some specialists have dissented. Both sides generally agree, however, that mentally troubled persons, unstable individuals already filled with hostilities, can be "triggered" by exposure to on-screen violence into criminal outbursts. Cases supporting this idea can be found in records on the subject. For example, a young man who committed a murder in New York told policemen that he had been watching TV when suddenly he was impelled to commit a brutal assault on a woman. A network representative, on the other hand, offered counterbalancing testimony at a 1961 Senate hearing on "Effects on Young People of Crime and Violence Portrayed on Television": "There is not even satisfactory proof that the emotionally disturbed child is harmed by television. Rather, it would appear that it is often the case with a disturbed child that that which he sees on television may help him drain off, vicariously, elements in his behavioral pattern which cause that disturbance."

In recent years the "catharsis" theory, which holds that observed aggression tends to release pent-up or aroused anger therapeutically, has been severely shaken by a number of psychologists in controlled experiments. Television at the same time has continued to produce filmed violence in vast quantities. A leading Hollywood producer told me this year how a top-level policymaker at a network received his proposal for a new romantic series. He said he would buy the series if every other program showed violence and someone getting "kicked in the groin," as well as other similar effects.

Recently, a causal relationship was said to exist between televised violence and the behavior of "normal" people. Dr. Ralph S. Banay, a prominent psychiatrist and president of the Medical Correction Association, referred at a New York symposium to "a confusion of fantasy with reality, fed by an endless stream of television violence."

"We underestimate the damage that these accumulated images do to the brain," said Dr. Banay. "The immediate effect can be delusional, equivalent to a sort of post-hypnotic suggestion." He partly blamed this special effect for the shocking murder in March of a woman in New York. Thirty-seven persons heard the victim's screams on a well-lighted sidewalk in front of an apartment building in the early hours of the morning. But not one of them responded to her calls for help.

Dr. Karl Menninger, director of the Menninger Foundation, also spoke at the symposium. "Public apathy to crime," he said, "is itself a manifestation of aggression." A point made by New York psychiatrists is that "persons with mature and well-integrated personalities would not have acted in this way." Here we are no longer confronted by the isolated, abnormal deviant, but by a representative group of thirty-seven apparently "normal" citizens. The complexity of such special effects are difficult to understand; and television cannot, of course, bear the exclusive burden of a violent age. Yet we seem to be witnessing a slow, cumulative crescendo of individual and group aggression, passive and overt. Many respected psychiatrists hold that television violence is significantly involved.

The important link between Hollywood and television where violence is concerned was dramatized recently at the nationwide televising of the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Among the nominees in the "Special Effects" category were *The Birds* and *Cleopatra*. From Alfred Hitchcock's film, an excerpt showed flocks of birds swooping to attack the heads and faces of terrified children. From *Cleopatra* was chosen the dagger assassination of Julius Caesar in the Roman Senate. A conspirator with a knife strode deliberately to Caesar's back and the camera caught the full impact of the blade's plunge. Other knives flashed swiftly and repeatedly. Splotches of blood appeared on Caesar. In this lengthy film spectacle, there must have been dozens of examples of the skill of the special effects creator warranting his Oscar. Out of all that footage, when millions of Americans in their homes were watching, why did the producers have to choose, unredeemed by context, such moments of gratuitous horror? What special effect will this "special effect" on television produce next? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ABECEDARIANS AHOY!

Below is a group of words each of which contains the letters A, B, and C in sequence (but not necessarily together). Mrs. Thaddeus Seymour of Hanover, New Hampshire, who selected the words, presents definitions of them in Column Two. She asks you to fill in the blank spaces (some of which may represent other A's, B's, and C's). Answers on page 00.

1.	A____B_____C	bacteria destroyer
2.	__A__B___C	fabric
3.	A B____C____	surrender authority
4.	__A__B__C___	outdoor feast
5.	____A__B___C__	barricade
6.	__A__B___C__	soft radiance
7.	A B__C___	beaded counter
8.	A__B_______C__	simultaneous attraction and repulsion
9.	__A B C_____	little grebe
10.	__A B___C_____	mealtime cover
11.	__A__B___C___	red gem
12.	__A__B__C	two-syllable metrical foot, the second accented
13.	____A B_____C	demoniacal
14.	____A__B_____C__	resplendence
15.	A__B_____C__	environment
16.	__A B___C____	construct
17.	A B_____C__	summary
18.	A__B__C____	tunny
19.	A_____B__C	distilling apparatus
20.	__A B_____C___	place of worship

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Islands Under the Wind

IN THE first days of formal—well, *scheduled*—travel to the French Society Islands, the planes landed at Bora Bora and then passengers were ferried the last 155 miles to Tahiti in flying boats. Bora Bora, which Michener has called the most beautiful island in the world, had the only airstrip, left over from the days of the industrious Seabees. Although it was still rural—I'm talking now about 1958—it was nevertheless the center of traffic for the whole chain of islands—the Windwards of Tahiti and Mooréa, the Tuamotus, Gambiers, Australs, and Marquesas.

When the airstrip, and in short order the jets, came to Tahiti, Bora Bora slipped back into the sleepy oblivion from which it had been roused only twice—once during World War II when the Americans built a huge base there, and once again when regular plane service was begun from Los Angeles and Honolulu by TAI, the French airline that now calls itself UTA.

The positions of Tahiti and Bora Bora have now been reversed, and Bora Bora, headquarters for the Islands Under the Wind, has now become the remote tropical paradise. In Tahiti the other morning I boarded the big Bermuda flying boat that is still operated here by RAI, an inter-island feeder line, and flew off to Bora Bora. The journey took an hour or so, stopping on the way in the lagoon at Huahine, which has no strip. Some Hawaiian friends with holdings in the French Society Islands had sent a long-haired belle down to the wharf to meet my launch, and she told me she was under instructions to convey me back to my friends' house on the rumble seat of a Vespa.

The house reposes, in what I suspect is great ease, at the edge of the lagoon, a few minutes from the village of Vaitape. It consists of one enormous room and a partition that separates the bedroom, bath, and kitchen. Bora Borans and Tahitians of all shapes and ages, many of them in *pareus*, that sweep of bright cloth that passes for a wrap, dress, or other lounging costume, were at work in the kitchen. A few lounged among the pillows, idly twicking away at guitars as if torpor were industry and they were being interviewed for character.

Eventually we were seated at a long table with the water visible out the great square windows, and the kitchen staff appeared with *poisson cru*, a raw fish that had been caught in the lagoon that morning and marinated in lime juice; crunchy *maoa*, a crustacean that looks like a snail; and *foo yung ha*, which is sort of scrambled eggs with carrots, cabbage, abalone, shrimp, bamboo shoots, ham, and diced bacon. Having taken care of the Tahitian and Chinese community, there was left only the French. The kitchen culture of Gaul provided French bread that could pass muster in Dijon and an icy bottle of Pouilly that had been bottled for just such an occasion in far-off Burgundy in the bountiful year of '61. There was little left to do, afterwards, but to collapse on the back porch to watch the little ouma, as long as a finger, jump in schools across the lagoon. Somewhere down there a pompano or two was on the hunt, followed possibly by an ulua. Far out across the water, the flying boat waited at her mooring and behind her the mountains fairly leaped at the skyline with ragged thrusts.

Some semblance of this sort of dreamy life has been made available on Bora Bora by the addition of a hotel that many call the best in the South Seas. I have no particular reason to argue, and there are certainly many *soignée* touches that might prove unusual in the infinitely more sophisticated Caribbean. Each of its thatched bungalows is equipped with a pair of fins and masks, which are left beside the front door. Spray cans, some for the prevention of mosquito bites and others to use in counterattacks against bugs generally, are set out on the night table. A plastic parasol is at hand in case of rain.

These refinements were installed by a forty-three-year-old San Franciscan named Robert Fraser who first got interested in these parts in the course of a yacht race from San Pedro to Papeete in 1956. The crew was twenty-five days at sea with no sight of land, and Fraser was determined that anyone who had taken that much trouble to get to the South Pacific deserved a cushy establishment, once he arrived, in which to convalesce. There were few such places around in 1956, but Fraser was experienced as a builder and determined as a man. He spent one year acquiring the land alongside the beach at Bora Bora on which he eventually built his hotel. For one thing, every illegitimate offspring of anybody connected with a land title to the property had to be found. "You could publish the lease in *Reader's Digest* as an article," he says now. To satisfy all the claims, some leaseholders had to be brought from a neighboring island and given a certain type of wine. Some former leaseholders retained the right to stay at the hotel with their children for a specified number of days in addition to keeping the rights to all the coconuts. "If we cut a coconut tree down," says Fraser, "we have to pay what that coconut tree would have produced."

Water was found in three days, but the right of one faucet had to be awarded to the original titleholder of the land on which it was discovered. Rain proved another problem. It rained twenty-three days without stopping, and it was finally necessary to fly in raincoats and give them to the workers if the hotel was ever going to be built. The first guests arrived in June 1961, and the place has been gathering a reputation ever since. It now has twenty-two rooms in thatched bungalows, most of them strung out along the edge of a sandy beach washed by a huge lagoon.

The ultimate plans of the hotel, which was backed by Honolulu industrialist Chinn Ho and the Long Drugstore Company, a discount chain prominent in California and Hawaii, call for forty-eight rooms. "We will build four a year until it begins to look harmful

—*H.S.*

Bora Bora belle wearing *pareu*.

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Bridging the Language Barrier

(In the Society Islands)

(For the convenience of the guests who do not speak French)

(Please, check the items required and give to maid)

Serviette de bain	Bath towel
Gant de toilette	Face cloth
Couverture	Blanket
Oreiller	Pillow
Drap	Sheet
Papier hygiénique	Toilet paper
Tapis de bain	Shower mat
Insecticide	Bug bomb
Allumettes	Matches
Papier à lettre	Writing paper
Enveloppes	Envelopes
Cintres	Cloth hangers
Combien	How much
S'il vous plaît	Please
Petit déjeuner	Breakfast
Les toilettes ne fonctionnent pas	Toilet out of order
L'eau dans la salle de bain ne s'arrête pas de couler	The water in the bathroom is running continuously.
Il y a une araigne dans la chambre. Venez la retirer	There is a spider in the room. Come and get it.
Ma femme est malade. Elle voudrait boire quelque chose de chaud	My wife is sick. She would like something hot to drink.
Je n'ai pas d'eau chaude dans la salle de bain	There is no hot water in the bathroom.

—Notice in a room of the Hotel Tahiti, Papeete, Tahiti.

to the atmosphere," says Fraser, an attitude that could well be adopted by some of his Hawaii-based counterparts whose interest in such ephemeral things as atmosphere is sketchy at best.

No tour groups as such go through the hotel, but the Matson ships do drop anchor just offshore, and elderly tourists whom one might expect to encounter in Puerto Rico or the Colosseum do show up on the morning plane, stay for lunch, and, having seen the exotic South Seas life, return to Sioux City to tell about it. Guests are sometimes conveyed out to the longhouse that has been put up at a picnic point looking across the channel to other *Iles sous le Vent*, notably Raiatéa and Tahaa. A pig is cooked for a *tamaaraa*, an island feast, and there is only the peak of Otemanu, 2,100 feet of sheer rock, to look down on the proceedings.

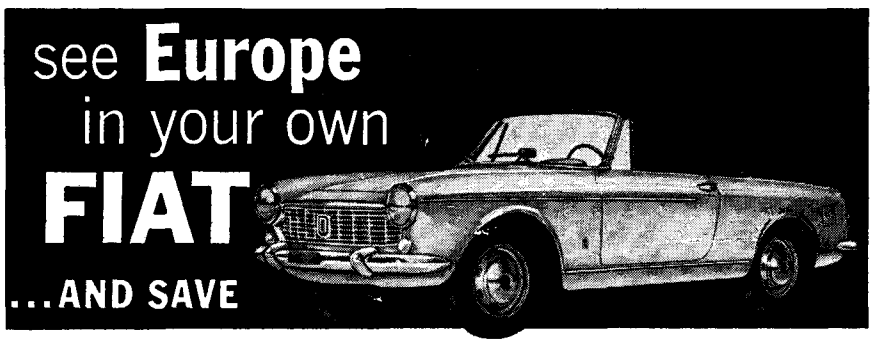
The sand road strung around the island by the Seabees had been shored up again, and now an island taxi or two bumps its way around the circle loaded with tourists. Driving a cab on Bora Bora is a new profession, but the ranks of the few who work at it have been joined recently by Alfred Doom, who is part Norwegian, part Chilean, part German, and part American, having had a mother named Parker who was half American and half Tahitian. There are twenty cars on Bora Bora now, but Doom is the only English-speaking cab driver. "I get two-hour lesson in English and tourist he pay me," says Doom with great hilarity.

Among the prime sights pointed out by Doom on the island tour is the special islet on the reef where Bora Borans grow watermelons; the new green house that Tarita, a Bora Bora girl who had the lead against Brando in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, has built for her family; and the rusted relic of a water pipe left by the Americans. Curtains of coconuts left to dry hang from racks by the side of the sea. Men trudge along the road bent under sacks of earth, and the foundation of the seaplane hangars and the dock and the ramp broil in the sun or moulder in the rain through the year.

Of the 5,000 service people on the island during the war years, some stayed three years and fathered children. The hundred or more half Americans are now in their twenties and three are currently doing military service in France. One father came back to reclaim his child and his mistress, moved to Tahiti and eventually, properly married, returned with the whole family to the United States. A doctor came back a few months ago to see the Quonset huts that once served as hospital wards. They were decorated, the day I passed them, with strings of *pareus* drying on the line.

Among those who live here is a young half-American girl whose father is said to be a resident of Long Island. I saw her in a drenching rain one day walking up the pathway from the lagoon with a tall, dark young man by her side. Her hair hung in streams down the side of her face and she carried a string of fish, but she was a lovely girl and I couldn't help but think how she might have fit into life on Long Island.

—Horace Sutton.



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FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1082

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1078 will be found in the next issue.

"OVER PLACKID?" BD B OVKR GACKD, B'M SQV TRTA.

FEKPLK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1081

Where everything is bad it must be good to know the worst.

—Bradley.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

In Memory of Blitzstein—Martinon

MARC BLITZSTEIN'S gifts were many and varied. He was, of course, a composer of individuality and dogged devotion to his own musical concepts. He was fertile in the invention of words and phrases, lines and rhymes that suited his characters as closely as the music in which he depicted them. On the occasions when he took time out to comment on an aspect of music in which he had a special interest, he was—as readers of these pages know—a pungent and discriminating critic.

But he had another gift, more private but no less profound. This was a gift for friendliness, for treating a casual acquaintance as though he were sincerely dear to him. This gift, too, had a part in the evening evolved to honor his memory, a memory whose poignance is the greater because of the senseless manner of his death a few months ago in Martinique, where he had gone to swim and work. Even now, the details are vague—so far as public awareness goes, at any rate—but it could hardly make more sense if every aspect of it were fully documented.

What was clear enough from the program presented by such friends as Leonard Bernstein and Julius Rudel, Phyllis Curtin, Elizabeth Carron, Lee Vernora, Jose Ferrer, Will Geer, and Hiram Sherman (among others), for a larger complement of friends who filled Philharmonic Hall, was that Blitzstein's personal flame was burning brightly to the sudden bitter end, that he was expanding his resources, refining his ability to shape words and music to the purposes of his mind. The part of the long evening that was devoted to a longish series of excerpts from *Regina* (for which Lillian Hellman narrated the incidents of her play) and the whole of *The Cradle Will Rock* was a ready recollection of the standard he had achieved. The interlude between them, devoted to excerpts from his works-in-progress, suggested that there was a subtler, more profound music in Blitzstein which, alas, we shall never hear.

The premieres ran a gamut from the pseudo-popular vein of "Then," from *The Magic Barrel*, a Bernard Malamud story, to a delightful monologue in a Jewish folk vein from the same author's *Idiots First*, climaxed by an excerpt from the opera on the Sacco-Vanzetti affair which he had been writing on a Ford Foundation grant, and in which the Metropolitan had expressed an interest. The sad news communicated by Bernstein that this was all of the large project that had been discovered in Martinique, and the rest of it must be presumed to be lost, drew a gasp from the audience.

The artful performance by Luigi Alva of an insinuating soliloquy on the text "With a Woman to Be" (according to Bernstein's verbal program note, it was meant to be sung by Sacco during Act II in a prison-cell revery of his wife, Rosa) suggested, in its diffident but compelling way that Blitzstein had penetrated to the heart of his subject and that something memorable might have resulted. The theory that he carried the score with him, wherever he went, and that it disappeared in the incident that cost his life is credible) but it is all but incredible that nothing has been seen of it since.

Like the gifts of the man it honored, the evening's purpose was multiple. Honor to the creator was paramount, of course, but it also served as a device to raise funds to establish a scholarship, or grant, for a "composer, lyricist or librettist, to encourage the creation of works of merit for the musical theater." The list of worthy contributors to that end would be incomplete without mention of Hershy Kay, who orchestrated the material that Blitzstein left incomplete with a singular sense of the composer's own style.

Two evenings in Carnegie Hall with Jean Martinon and the Chicago Symphony clarified a number of things about the new musical order along Lake Michigan. One immediate impression was that, in its sharpness of attack and evenness of blend, its beautifully refined solo wind playing and smooth textured transition from violins and violas to cellos and basses, this remains Reiner's orchestra, perhaps the best as well as the last creation of the life that ended last November. It embodies the flexibility as well as the strength of a master technician's ideal of orchestral culture.

Part of that ideal was to make the players a responsive instrument of their leader's will, whether it is one to which they were long habituated or not. They have made a smooth transition to the new influence of Martinon for the clear reason that he is, essentially, a man of the orchestra, one who achieves his results by persuasion rather than fiat. There are some physical mannerisms to suggest Charles Munch, with whom he studied, but the results for which he strives are quite his own.

THIS enables him to find a common ground for the sonorous scheme of Honegger writing his fourth symphony for the chamber orchestra of Basel, or Brahms composing his fourth symphony with Bülow's Meiningen ensemble in mind, Prokofiev luxuriating in the abundance of the full-formed contemporary orchestra in his fifth symphony, or Beethoven merely imagining what that might come to be in his seventh. This was, in short, two evenings of refined, clear-headed orchestral exposition by a man completely at ease with the music he had to chosen for this introductory visit. Here and there, as in the Bacchanale of Roussel's second *Bacchus et Ariane* suite there was more noise than power in a climax, and one might have prefered a deeper resonance for the bottom of Prokofiev's scoring, but these dissents would have more to do with personal taste rather than knowledge or the lack of it.

In totality, the final impression was that Martinon is currently more concerned with the surface than the depths of the scores he performs, that he is admirably indoctrinated in their shape and texture, but not as well equipped to give them an impact or definition of his own. The first movement of the Beethoven seventh was drawn to a beautifully proportioned likeness of the tonal values in the score, as the second was artfully controlled to provide a separate dynamic for each string section as it joined the others. In both, however, the spell was cast by the quality of the execution rather than by the meaning or mood it conveyed.

Any further judgments on Martinon would have to await more definitive outcome of his work in Chicago which seems likely to continue for some time to come. The immediate indications are that Martinon is thoroughly qualified to give an orchestra of Chicago's present quality informed, technically secure leadership. Whether he is also endowed with the insights and temperamental resources to give the music it plays a quality personal to him is not nearly so apparent.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Vanishing Novel

Continued from page 15

for the disassociated young, a generation grown up without faith and without values. Along with J. D. Salinger and Norman Mailer, they celebrate the cult of youth that is so strong in our society. They are, as Leslie Fiedler points out, aging youth impersonators, men in their thirties and forties who are impervious to the responsibilities of maturity.

Great novels—*Tom Jones, David Copperfield, The Idiot*—are built upon a hero, an individual with whom the reader can identify, a man or woman presented in conflict with or against a background of his social group. They were read because people believed in the existence of good as opposed to evil. If there are no more heroes in fiction today, it is because there are no more heroes in contemporary life. The hero of an earlier age has disintegrated to the anti-hero of today, one whom Saul Bellow calls the "shrinking self" among the masses and whom Bellow himself has perpetrated in his memorable studies of Augie March and Henderson.

The anti-hero is, of course, no modern invention. Stendhal's *Julien Sorel* and Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull* were stoic opportunists caring neither for man nor cause, but only for themselves. Unfortunately, their type has become the representative protagonist of our times. Algren's characters are thieves and drunks, Styron's *Cass Kinsolving* is a drunken murderer, and the protagonists of Mailer, Salinger, Bourjaily, and Roth are all in one sense or another disaffiliated derelicts. They—and their authors—have forgotten that a man cannot be effectively angry without some living contact with institutions and with people. They are a breakdown of the existentialist heroes of Kafka, Koestler, Sartre, and Camus. But Meursault, a stranger in his world, could not accept history as it was and did not succumb to it. In those things that involved the human heart he spoke the truth, and in our troubled times he stands forth a hero. The anti-heroes of today, rejecting completely the human condition, have their own golden rule, which is: "Do unto others as you would not have them do unto you and do it to them first."

I am not saying the new novels are not good—some of them are very good indeed. But their authors, writing as isolated outsiders, have abandoned the conflict of good and evil that is the primary premise of the novel, and the hero of which that conflict was the embodiment. In his place they give us socially isolated anti-heroes who hate, curse, and destroy with neither a sense of illumination nor a hope of redemption.

So the march toward doom continues. Burroughs's hallucinatory monsters, more terrifying than the demons on fourteenth-century frescoes of the inferno, Rechy's nauseating catharsis of perverse eroticism, and similar confessions posing as novels portend not only the death of the novel but the death of man himself. The current fashion is a comic deification of the supercad, the complete opportunist in rebellion against all authority. These picaresque anti-heroes, growing beards, wearing dark glasses, expose all traditional values to ridicule in their fight for survival. Some of the novels—Richard Condon's *Manchurian Candidate*, Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*—are wildly funny. Others are almost incomprehensible. In each the protagonist, rejecting the social world completely, is unhingedly intent only on tearing up the place. Which is about as far as we can go.

There remains one more enemy. I suspect he may be the most threatening, and I have saved him until the end because he is everyman; he is the reader. If the novel does come to its terminus in our century, it will be because the reader has died first. The real illness may be the illness of the reader who has lost his will and his ability to read. In our frenetically paced times it is less and less necessary to read a book. For it is not books one discusses over cocktails; it is authors and reviews. One has only to pay attention to column gossip, to reviewers and interviews and dust jackets, to discourse adequately on the current literary sensation. There is also a fear that may restrain us from reading, fear of having our awareness probed, fear of finding some unsettling insight into our own plight. The unread book decorating a coffee table does not really exist; only when it establishes its communication line between author and reader does it come to life. Novelist and reader must function together.

If the novel disappears from our life, its disappearance will coincide with the disappearance of the middle-class literacy out of which it was born two centuries ago. When that day comes, there will no doubt still be academics and eggheads poring over *War and Peace* and *Moby Dick* in libraries. But the popular narrative art in the subliterate culture will be TV, movies, comic books, picture magazines, the documentary realism of newspapers, and, for the intellectually venturesome, *The Reader's Digest*.

Should this fate befall us, the novelist must accept his guilt for breaking faith. For only with a restoration of faith in the Western humanist culture, the only culture we have, the culture out of which the novel grew, will affirmation be returned to literature. This is why Pasternak's novel made the great impression it did. It expressed an affirmation for which humanity continues to hunger, and so men took it to their hearts.

Should the trend not be reversed, should the novel go on to its death, the guilt will also be everyman's, the deserting reader's. For any good writer worth his salt wants to write fiction—it is the only form with which he can come to grips with the truth, in which his emotional experience can be made meaningful. It is the form in which a writer may still—as did Tolstoy and Zola—fulfil his role as prophet to the race. At the reader's command, the new difficulties in our society might become the new challenges, the novelist's new possibilities for returning the novel to life. Writers will always feel the urge to write novels. But the reader needs also to feel the urge to read them.

The bell I have been tolling, I toll for me, but I toll it even more for thee, the reader. "Books," said E. M. Forster quite a long time ago, "have to be read; it is the only way of discovering what they contain. A few savage tribes eat them, but reading is still the only method of assimilation revealed to the West."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Gun in the Hand of a Hater

I FIRST heard of James Baldwin when he published an essay in—of all things—the *Kenyon Review*. His argument, as I remember it, was that Negro writers didn't have to write about the Negro problem and shouldn't allow themselves to become propagandists for the Negro, but should simply try to be as good writers as possible. In his first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, Baldwin wrote about Negroes in both North and South, and of course showed something of their predicament, but the book had no obvious "message." Its successor, *Giovanni's Room*, was laid in Europe, and its characters were white.

In his essays, however, he was more and more explicitly a spokesman for the Negro people, and it seemed clear that he could not indefinitely keep out of his novels the problems he discussed in his nonfiction. In *Another Country* he attacked some of those problems head on, and if the novel is not propaganda in the derogatory sense of the term, if it sees the race problem in relation to other problems, it is a powerful statement of a particular point of view. It was followed by an extraordinary essay, *The Fire Next Time*, in which Baldwin tried directly to show the community what Negroes are thinking and feeling.

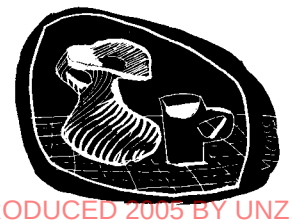
What is a writer to do if he feels strongly about some social or political issue? Ever since the fiasco of so-called proletarian literature in the Thirties, we have been assured that it is bad for a writer to have a cause. I grant that a cause may be dangerous, but it is not necessarily fatal. John Dos Passos's *USA* was not only not spoiled by his passion for social justice; it is the strong feeling it expresses that makes it the best of his writings. In any case, to be honest, a writer must do what he must do, and to hell with the consequences. Baldwin may ruin himself as a creative writer, but I should respect him less if he were unwilling to take that chance.

Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie* (Dial, $3.95), which as of this writing was scheduled to open in New York City at the end of April, is a play in the modern manner, with vaguely suggestive scenery and no concern for realistic conventions. The action moves freely in both time and space, and the dialogue is often stylized. In print the play is difficult to follow at the beginning; but on the stage, if properly directed, there would probably be no trouble.

The opening is sharply dramatic:

> *In the darkness we hear a shot.*
> *Lights up slowly on LYLE, staring down at the ground. He looks around him, bends slowly and picks up RICHARD's body as though it were a sack. He carries him upstage, drops him out of sight.*
> LYLE: And may every nigger like this nigger end like this nigger—face down in the weeds!
> *Exit.*

Thus the play begins with the deed that is its center of interest, for all that follows shows either the causes or the consequences of this murder. The first act chiefly presents the effect on the Negro community, although it also deals with certain events that took place before Richard's death. In the second act we see something of the white community, and again there is movement backward in time. The third act sets forth the trial of Lyle Britten for the murder of Richard Henry, and is highly stylized, with scenes from the past lives of the witnesses, and with "the State" acting in effect as attorney for the defense. Only when the trial is over is the killing enacted before our eyes.



The story, rearranged in chronological order, can easily be summarized. Richard Henry, son of the Rev. Meridian Henry, was sent to New York by his father, who hoped that in that way he could be kept out of trouble. Instead, he got into a jam, became a dope addict, and was sent to an institution. Returning to his home town after his release, he refuses to accept the treatment accorded to Negroes by the Southern

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whites. In particular he will not humiliate himself before Lyle Britten, and Britten shoots him. Britten is brought to trial, chiefly because of the efforts of Parnell James, editor of the local newspaper and in intention a friend of the Negroes. Of course Britten is acquitted.

What Baldwin is saying is what he said in *The Fire Next Time*—that the patience of the Negro is wearing thin. One of Richard's young friends puts it this way:

> We've been demonstrating—*non-violently*—for more than a year now and all that's happened is that now they'll let us into that crummy library downtown which was obsolete in 1897 and where nobody goes anyway; who in this town reads books? For that we paid I don't know how many thousands of dollars in fines, Jerome is still in the hospital, and we all know that Ruthie is never again going to be the little swinging chick she used to be. Big Deal. . . . We *still* can't get licensed to be electricians or plumbers, we still can't walk through the park, our kids can't use the swimming pool in town. We still can't vote, we can't even get registered. Is it worth it?

This is the question that all the Negroes are compelled to ask themselves, even the Rev. Meridian Henry, who has hitherto been the champion of Christian conciliation. Meridian's friend Parnell James, the only white in town to show sympathy for the Negroes, equivocates at Britten's trial, and the minister, increasingly doubtful about justice, talks of having the Bible and a gun in his pulpit. Meridian says to Parnell, "Where's the hope? If Mister Charlie can't change . . ." Parnell asks, "Who's Mister Charlie?" and Meridian answers, "You're Mister Charlie. *All* white men are Mister Charlie." And, indeed, where is the hope for any of us, white or black, if Mister Charlie can't change?

Is the play propaganda? I suppose that it is, to the extent that Baldwin hopes to have a specific effect on an audience of Mister Charlies—to make them change, to make them see that the present crisis makes change imperative. But it is not propaganda if one means by that distortion of the truth for a political purpose. Is it a major piece of literature? I doubt it, though I believe that it should be very moving on the stage. Its weaknesses, however, do not seem to arise out of Baldwin's preoccupation with a cause but out of the limitations of his medium, or, perhaps, his unfamiliarity with it. He has made a good try, and I wish him and his play well.

—Granville Hicks.

Editor's Note: *Henry Hewes will evaluate "Blues for Mister Charlie" as a play following its opening in New York.*

ON THE FRINGE

Life with The Great Profile

THERE were six new names, according to an Associated Press statement, that made the year 1935 exciting and newsworthy: Haile Selassie, Joe Louis, Alfred Landon, Freddie Bartholomew, Alice Jane McHenry, and Elaine Barrie. While the first four still stir memories twenty-nine years later, the last two may be stumpers. Number Five had a history-making operation for an upside-down stomach. Number Six belongs to a then seventeen-year-old Hunter College girl whose "Ariel and Caliban," cross-country romance with John Barrymore "crowded Mussolini off the front pages"—to borrow a phrase from the lady under discussion. Though few people ever took the trouble to meet her then, everyone knew exactly what "Elaine, Wily Maid of Askelot" was like. Elaine Barrie, the would-be actress, was a gold-digger and an opportunist, out strictly for what she could get by putting a hammerlock on the Crown Prince of the theater's Royal Family. And she got him. They went to the altar twice and the divorce courts three times (one divorce was granted, but the battling Barrymores couldn't stay apart long enough for the decree to become final). In between the marital highs and lows enough outrageous incidents occurred to keep the slender, dark-haired girl with the brown velvet eyes on the front pages right up until Barrymore's death in 1942. Where the newspapers stopped, the late Gene Fowler took over. In 1943 the newspaperman-turned-screenwriter published a biography of his friend and drinking buddy, John Barrymore, under the title *Goodnight, Sweet Prince*. Fowler's picture of Elaine Barrie-Barrymore turned yellowing newsprint into permanent record.

Why all this ancient history? Because the end of May will see the publication by Appleton-Century of *All My Sins Remembered*, by Elaine Barrymore and Sandford Dody (he helped Bette Davis with *The Lonely Life* and Dagmar Godowsky with *First Person Plural*). The book is Mrs. Barrymore's account of her life with The Great Profile. While its strongest appeal will probably be to older members of the gossip set, the book should go a long way toward clearing the lady's name.

Expecting a dark, smoldering Circe, I found instead a blonde, warm, very human human being. Since her book ends shortly after Barrymore's death, I asked about the missing years. "Well, I learned I couldn't depend on the theater. There were promises of jobs, but somehow they never materialized, and I couldn't go to people and say, 'Look, I'm not what you think I am.' Then through a friend I found myself—that's as well as I can explain it—enrolled in the New York Stock Exchange School. I got a ninety-eight on my test, and suddenly I was a broker with the firm of Francis I. DuPont and Co. at the then Savoy-Plaza. Mother and I moved to Westport for awhile but, frankly, we were bored to death among all of those bride-and-groom maple trees, if you follow me. It was a Christmas trip to Haiti, a place John always loved, that changed my life. Mother and I moved down there in 1955. I designed some poodle collars made out of seisal, and Saks Fifth Avenue took them. Under the name Elaine Barrymore Originals, I went on to all sorts of seisal and straw products—baskets, ice buckets, place mats, you know. They're carried by such stores as Bloomingdale's and Neiman-Marcus. We got out of Haiti in May 1963, but we are planning to set up again in Mexico."

She smiled. "I have no conceit about my acting, but watch out about those baskets."

Mrs. Barrymore, who has no trouble holding up her end of a conversation and was doing famously at holding up mine, too, suddenly dropped the conversational tone. "This is the first time I've ever used the Barrymore name professionally. In connection with my baskets. I never used it theatrically."

I asked her about the Fowler book. "It's one of the main reasons I've wanted to write mine. His book was overly sentimental and unrealistic. He made John sound like a senile, wishy-washy man who had come apart at the seams. That wasn't John at all. As for me, Gene Fowler congealed the Elaine Barrie image for all time. The book was ruinous. It finished any hope of a theatrical career I had. But no matter what he said about me, what I object to most in his book is the strong note of anti-Semitism throughout."

I brought her back to her own book. Wasn't she concerned that it might stir up all of the adverse publicity of years ago? She just looked at me. "Adverse publicity? After what I've been through? I don't regret my life. I'll never regret living; I'll only regret it if I don't."

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Everything about the upcoming (May 19 publication of *Both Sides of the Ocean* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Viktor Nekrasov, translated by Elias Kulukundis, is a bit odd. First, there is the book itself, which represents a Russian writer's *objective* report on his travels in Italy and the United States—not the sort of thing one reads every day coming out of the Soviet Union. The book's appearance in English represents its first hardcover publication anywhere. On its home soil it got no further than a two-part printing in the newspaper *Novy Mir* in November 1962. It made its bow in the same issue as Solzhenitsin's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Needless to say, the newspaper sold like hotcakes and, in the case of Nekrasov's book, was found to be just about as indigestible by Russia's top political stomachs. There is nothing odd at all in Premier Khrushchev's speech of June 1963 before the Plenum of the Central Committee suggesting that he didn't think that Nekrasov belonged in the Communist Party. But, interestingly enough, Nekrasov didn't resign, and nothing happened to him.

As to the translator of *Both Sides of the Ocean*, there is nothing odd about him if you know of another twenty-six-year-old Russian translator who is American born, of Greek ancestry, and whose major at Harvard was English literature. Mr. Kulukundis, who is also fluent in Greek, French, and English, did his Russian studies at Yale and Columbia. He discovered Nekrasov, whose novel *Kira Georgievna*, released by Pantheon, is his only other work published in this country, the same way the Russians did—in the pages of *Novy Mir*. Our Mr. K. found *Both Sides* more palatable than did their Mr. K. and translated a portion of it for the *New Leader* in 1963, which lead to his taking on the entire book for Holt.

Last summer, Mr. Kulukundis made his one and only visit to Russia to date, or possibly forever. "I might have trouble going there in the future," he said in reference to his work on the Nekrasov book. Whether he meant getting in or getting out, he neglected to add in any of his four tongues.

What price fame? A publishing house works for years to build a name and then. . . . Just published is *Golfers' Gold: An Inside View of the Pro Tour*, by Tony Lema with Gwilym S. Brown. While the book was being written, Mr. Brown recalls, "I mentioned to Jack Nicklaus the fact that Tony and I were doing a book together." "Who's publishing it?" Nicklaus asked. "Little, Brown." Mr. Nicklaus nodded approvingly. "Set up your own outfit, eh?"

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

A Heritage of Blood and Dust

***Pedro Martínez: A Mexican Peasant and His Family,** by Oscar Lewis (Random House. 507 pp. $8.75), continuing the technique that made the author's "Children of Sánchez" a remarkable study, dramatizes the lot of the rural Indian in "Azteca." Marvin Harris, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, is the author of "The Nature of Cultural Things."*

By MARVIN HARRIS

—From the book.

IN HIS *Children of Sánchez*, Oscar Lewis presented the taped-and-edited autobiography of a Mexico City slum family. Now, as a companion to that remarkable mixture of ethnography, pathos, and poetry, he has put together the history of a poor peasant family whose home is the village of "Azteca," a much-studied anthropological spa, about sixty miles south of the Mexican capital. Like its urban prototype, the story unfolds from various viewpoints, first that of Pedro Martínez, then of his wife, Esperanza, and later of their oldest surviving son, Felipe.

The sustained drama and lyric flights that so distinguished the earlier book are largely absent from the new one. Lewis himself draws attention to the matter-of-factness, impersonality, and relatively flat emotional tone of Pedro's contribution. Although he insists that these differences accurately reflect the stoicism and more circumscribed life-exposure of the peasant, there still lingers the possibility that the remarkable dramatic flair of the Sánchez family was a matter of genius rather than culture.

Not that Pedro Martínez is an ordinary man. Driven by demons, who remain shadowy to the end, Pedro, a short, uneducated Indian orphan, makes extraordinary demands upon himself and those around him. His credo is the negation of all folk and peasant mores:

> To be a hero, a man cannot think of his home or of how his children or his wife or parents will suffer. They *must* suffer! There is no other way. A man who thinks first of his family is not a hero or a patriot. He is nothing.

Spanning a period of more than seventy years, Pedro's heroic personal visions eddy and curl amid the dust of Mexico's tragic history. He suffers the yoke of the Díaz dictatorship, joins Zapata's ragtag army, helps to organize a branch of the peasant union, flees to Mexico City, returns to Azteca and achieves political success as a judge and councilman, but grows progressively more disillusioned with the Revolution and its democratic façade, and as an old man concludes that things were better back in the last century: "Since the Revolution we have more freedom but life is more difficult."

Pedro's attempt to discipline himself into control or at least understanding of the political maelstrom that swirls around Azteca brings him neither inner peace nor worldly success. He tosses back and forth between political conviction and religious conversion, from self-sacrifice to overindulgence, from familial tenderness to furious anger visited upon everyone within reach. The other two narrators, his wife and son, have mainly to contend with this storm within a storm. Neither of them shares Pedro's vision nor accepts responsibility for social change. For one, Pedro's struggle against the unconquerable leads through joyless sex to sickly pregnancies, down a narrowing path whose best reward is an alcoholic stupor. The other, rendered half-blind by a childhood accident, grows accustomed to punishment for imagined or trivial infractions. He is over thirty years old before he escapes to Mexico City. There for a brief interval Felipe encounters bliss in an orange juice stand. By pour-

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ing short measures he manages to supplement his salary enough to support both a wife and a mistress. But soon he is dismissed, thieves break into his house and steal all the household goods he has bought, and he can't find work.

Despite the muffled presentation of all manner of calamity ranging from the massacre of twenty-two Aztecans in the village square during the carnival of 1928 to the death of six of Esperanza's twelve children, the narrative gradually acquires crushing weight. Sickness and hunger provide a dirge-like accompaniment to the endless file of jailings, ambushes, lawsuits, rapes, seductions, and abandonments that march out of Azteca's disfigured past. And everywhere and always there is poverty, which no amount of drudgery on the steep rocky fields seems able to diminish.

The once popular idyl of the peaceful, cooperative, family-centered Latin American folk community will never recover from the publication of this volume. Lewis here completes his confrontation of the noble villager, whom a whole generation of anthropologists led by Robert Redfield were prepared to find in the most unlikely places, including Azteca itself. In this book the peasant is placed at last in his full cultural context, and we grasp once and for all that both the urban and rural segments of the underdeveloped world are enmeshed in the same stream of history. True, Azteca advances slowly, or even reverts, but that too has its explanation outside of the village. It is even possible that in Mexico, despite the higher illiteracy of the countryside, village political consciousness rises above that of the metropolitan centers. The noteworthy absence of political awareness among the city dwellers, apparent in the earlier book, as contrasted with Pedro's life-long involvement may simply reflect the fact that it was village Mexico that powered the revolution of 1910-1920. Of course, there remains the problem of sample bias and representativity, but this obvious defect of Lewis's method need not be labored here.

To read *Pedro Martínez* is to understand as never before the challenge that we in the United States have thus far been incapable of meeting. What Lewis has achieved is the first full-length picture of an intelligent, politically alert peasant and the events in his life that drive him toward a rejection of his social order. In Latin America the contrast between rich and poor, between the urban middle and upper class and the vast ragged peasantry grows day by day. Despite improvements in the average per capita income since 1920, it is probable that the distribution of wealth in Mexico is today as uneven as it was before the revolution.

Most Beautiful Girl in the World

My Aunt Maxine: The Story of Maxine Elliott, *by Diana Forbes-Robertson (Viking. 306 pp. $7.50), pierces the myth surrounding the glamorous turn-of-the-century stage star. George Oppenheimer edited "The Passionate Playgoer."*

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

DIANA FORBES-ROBERTSON, who is the wife of Vincent Sheean and daughter of the famous English actor Johnston Forbes-Robertson and actress Gertrude Elliott, has written the enthralling story of "the most beautiful woman in the world," as she was called in her day. She was Maxine Elliott, an actress like her sister Gertrude but not nearly so talented. In fact, there were those who, much as they admired her beauty, thought her no actress at all. Nevertheless, she achieved fame and was accepted in the most rarefied society in England and on the Continent.

Miss Forbes-Robertson freely admits that her Aunt Maxine terrified her. Despite this, she has celebrated the actress in a biography that is affectionate, understanding, completely frank, and extraordinarily absorbing. There are scores of legends, some true, some apocryphal, that grew up around the fabulous beauty whom Ethel Barrymore called "the Venus de Milo with arms." J. Pierpont Morgan was rumored to have built the New York theater named after her; Edward VII was supposed to have built her a villa in the South of France (twenty years after his death!), her name was linked with a Widener, an Astor, a Rothschild, a Gould, an ex-Prime Minister of England and one who was to become Prime Minister, in addition to any number of matinee idols. She described being interviewed and questioned by the press as "the third degree of the Fourth Estate," and avoided publicity like the plague; yet the legends flourished.

Through assiduous research the author has pierced the myth and cut through to the woman who, despite her beauty and position, never knew real happiness. She was born Jessie Dermot in 1868 in Rockland, Maine, and married George MacDermott, a New York lawyer and politician, when she was sixteen. It was a bitterly unhappy marriage, which was soon dissolved. She then studied acting under the tutelage of Dion Boucicault, author of many of the blood-and-thunder melodramas of that day. In 1890, under the name of Maxine Elliott, she made her stage debut in the role of "Felicia Umfraville, a young lady of breeding but no fortune," in Henry Arthur Jones's *The Middleman.* Her career had started.

Oddly enough, Maxine never really cared much for the stage. She once said, "You wouldn't find anything very interesting in the theater after saying 'I love you' night after night precisely at 10:28 plus the matinees."

Her second marriage, which lasted longer but also ended unhappily, was to the famous comedian Nat C. Goodwin. Maxine was his third wife, and there were two more to come. After Goodwin she swore that she was through with marriage. "I have honorable intentions toward no man," she cabled from London in answer to a query whether she was going to marry Lord Curzon, ex-Viceroy of India. She did, however, fall deeply in love with Tony Wilding, a British tennis star fifteen years younger than she. Then came World War I and Wilding was killed in the second battle of Ypres.

The news came to Maxine at a time when she, who had grown used to every luxury, was living in the greatest austerity on a barge she had hired to carry food and medical supplies to the beleaguered Belgians. For this she was decorated by Albert, King of the Belgians, who pricked her by-now ample breast while pinning on the medal. "Oh, Madame, I'm afraid you're wounded," said the embarrassed monarch. "But not by the enemy, Sire," she replied.

Maxine had wit. She had acquired money and friends—but still no happiness. In her later years she settled in a château which she had built on the French Riviera and to which the *haut monde* of England and Europe flocked. She had turned her back on the theater, and now she could indulge her favorite hobbies—good talk, good food, collecting pets, and playing bridge. During this period, until her final illness in 1940, "the most beautiful woman in the world" weighed 230 pounds—and was still beautiful.

Miss Forbes-Robertson has told her story fully and richly, recreating in text and photographs a fascinating period.

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When Policy Resorts to Power

Korea: The Limited War, *by David Rees (St. Martin's. 511 pp. $10), evaluates a mutation in America's traditional policy with respect to unconditional surrender. John M. Allison has served as United States Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

BEFORE the average newspaper columnist or curbstone politician gets further into the debate about whether or not General Douglas MacArthur was "betrayed" during the Korean War by a British-State Department conspiracy he should read this book by a young Englishman who was not graduated from college until two years after the North Koreans invaded South Korea in the early dawn of June 25, 1950.

David Rees has produced a remarkable book. It deals with all phases of the war—its beginning, its middle, and its agonizingly drawn-out end. It tells the story of what the United Nations did and didn't do. It brings out more clearly than I have seen elsewhere the relationship of the Korean War to the defense of Europe and the decision to rearm Germany. It shows the greatness of General MacArthur's conception of the significance of the war and the tragedy resulting from what the author obviously believes was a wrong-headed method of trying to implement that conception. And most of all we see what the Korean War did to the American people, who were in no way prepared for this kind of conflict.

Perhaps the best description of this fascinating book is that which Mr. Rees himself gives to the five-volume, two-million-word record of the Congressional hearings on General MacArthur's recall. He terms this record "a vast political case history of America's emergence from the cocoon of a foreign policy based on total solutions to the reality of the limited ends and means of the cold war." This book in fact not only gives a summary of the main points of this exhaustive Congressional investigation but it also gives a distillation of much that has been written about this war by participants, observers, thoughtful historians, and others who have deeply pondered it and tried to decide whether it was a brilliant example of the truth of Von Clausewitz's doctrine that "policy is the intelligent faculty, war only the instrument" or a complete abdication of the traditional American policy of insisting on "unconditional surrender."

The brief, six-page introduction is a brilliant essay on the philosophy of limited war. Mr. Rees tells how the Communists fuse power and policy and how we have been most reluctant to do so. But if we are to win out in the long run without starting a nuclear holocaust which will destroy us all, we must, Mr. Rees says, learn how to do the same. He believes that President Kennedy's "brilliant handling of the Cuban crisis in October 1962" showed how effective such a policy can be, and he concludes his introductory essay by saying:

> Only when the West fully appreciates that power and policy, like idealism and *Realpolitik*, can never be separated and that limited war is the fusion of both will we ever meet the Communist challenge decisively on the most important battleground—our own minds.

In telling the detailed story of the war, which bears out the ideas just quoted, many things are made clear that were never adequately understood, such as that while the Communists had a "privileged sanctuary" in Manchuria, the U.N. Command also had one in Japan. Mr. Rees has high regard for General MacArthur's qualities of leadership and imagination, which made it possible for him to triumph at Inchon over the qualms of many of his advisers. But the same qualities failed him at Chongchon after the Chinese Communists entered the war.

MR. REES's account implies what many of us well knew, that MacArthur's staff often let him down. The General's loyalty to those who faithfully worked for him—one of his finest qualities—would not let him admit this. John Foster Dulles and I were in Tokyo at the time of the outbreak of the war in connection with preparations for the Japanese Peace Treaty. On the second night of the war, after I had reported to Mr. Dulles a late telephone conversation I had just had with Ambassador John Muccio in Seoul, it was Mr. Dulles who first notified General MacArthur that the South Korean front north of Seoul had broken, and the invaders were on the outskirts of the Southern capital. When informed, the General took appropriate action. His staff had not wanted to disturb him late at night.

All Americans will be thankful for the account Rees gives of the resistance put up by American prisoners to the Communist attempts at brainwashing.

"Say, this is like a scene out of Kafka!"

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The inhuman, callous treatment of the POWs by the Communists, rather than a congenital weakness among the Americans, was responsible for the majority of defectors and collaborators. And twenty-four out of twenty-five resisted to the end.

The exhaustive accounts of the conduct of the war and its effect on the 1952 American elections, together with a comprehensive report of the United Nations' and particularly the British attitude toward the war are given with complete objectivity. The details of the military campaigns are alternated skilfully with discussion of their political significance so that interest never flags. One could wish the sentence structure were a bit less turgid, and it is surprising to see an Englishman use "contact" as a verb. But these are minor faults in an otherwise excellent book.

Mr. Rees concludes with a postscript: "Is Time on Our Side?" While not ignoring the effect of our failure to unite Korea by force, Mr. Rees points out that by following a policy of limited war the Truman Administration kept the coalition intact, repelled Communist aggression, and strengthened Western defenses so that Communist advances in Europe were deterred. He concludes by quoting with approval Dean Acheson's remark during the MacArthur hearings, which he characterizes as the "vastly expensive twelve-word lesson of Korea, the greatest of all limited wars:

"'. . . . *time is on our side if we make good use of it.*'"

Rise and Fall of the Kuomintang

***Twentieth Century China,** by O. Edmund Clubb (Columbia University Press. 470 pp. $7.95), and **China and the Helping Hand, 1937-1945,** by Arthur N. Young (Harvard University Press. 502 pp. $10), explore the recent historical events that led to the establishment of the "People's Republic." Allan B. Cole is professor of East Asian Affairs at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University, Medford, Mass.*

By ALLAN B. COLE

THE AUTHORS of these substantial works both knew China well. A. N. Young was financial adviser to the Nationalist Ministry of Finance, the Executive Cabinet, and the Central Bank of China for periods extending from 1929 to 1947. O. E. Clubb occupied consular posts in Manchuria, North China, and Sinkiang for years, and was in Peiping until after its occupation by the Communists; he knows the language, has lived closer to the people, and evinces a broader understanding of Chinese history and culture. When, for example, he mentions the "abundant earthy sophistication" of the Chinese, the observation has authenticity.

Of course, in a historical survey Clubb had more scope for relating many facets of the revolutionary Chinese scene. Young's is a monographic study of China's wartime finances, skilfully related to broader economic conditions, the arduous state of transportation routes (particularly those leading toward Free China), military strategy and operations, American and British economic and military assistance, and China's negotiations with those governments. While they are well and carefully written, both books are so detailed that they will find more readers among serious students of modern China than among the wider public. In the areas where the two studies overlap, Clubb is much more critical of Nationalist governance and policies, though Young has worked more closely with the high makers of those policies. One suspects that, perhaps because of his identification with the field of finance and its practitioners, the latter is philosophically more conservative; there is evidence that he was a temperate observer and that he developed a genuine sympathy with China's Nationalist leaders in the face of their tremendous problems.

However, Young is less than convincing when—after fairly full analysis of all the difficulties that beset attempts to stabilize China's wartime and postwar finances—he remarks, too simply, that the Chinese Communists were able to control inflation soon after coming to power because they controlled key commodities and were willing to conscript labor. Neither of these authors deals truly realistically with policies implemented and experience gained in the so-called "liberated areas" during the war.

But Young has done us a favor with his explanation of the Nationalist collapse on the mainland. In the first place, for a moderate conservative to depict so fully the serious deterioration of that regime long before VJ Day and the resumption of civil war should (but will it?) balance the views of Americans who have discerned a "sell-out" by the United States. Both interpretations are critical of U.S. policies toward China, but for different reasons. Young is correct in ascribing some of the factors of Nationalist failure to Communist strategies, Soviet violation of agreements, and Japanese disruption of the Nationalist semi-unified grip on power. He describes more fully and chasteningly the American errors that contributed to Nationalist problems.

But, in the light of the realization we have gained that many of the basic tasks of economic stabilization and development in modernizing nations can be accomplished only by those societies, leaders, and administrations themselves—that foreign aid can play only a marginal, though significant, role—the reviewer concludes that more responsibility should have been assigned to the shortcomings of the Nationalist leaders in most spheres of public affairs. After all, they too were inheritors of a revolutionary tradition, and they were trying to repel a more highly mechanized invader. How could this be done successfully if they distrusted the people and hence did not enlist their energies? The Communist opposition enjoyed certain tactical advantages, but its competitive challenge (along with the fact that Japan had modernized with much less foreign aid) tends to place more burden of proof on the Kuomintang, its agencies and allies.

Clubb's historical survey is about equally divided among the decades of Nationalist control—the Republican warlord period. Its distinctive contributions to the literature in English about recent China are contained principally in Chapters 2 through 6, covering the period 1912-37. The only comparable precursor of Clubb's volume (John K. Fairbank's *The United States and China*) subordinates factual treatment to masterful interpretations. The emphasis is reversed in *Twentieth Century China*; summary analyses are not lacking, but they could have been more perceptive and more helpfully located. Such a book as this has been greatly needed, but the nature of the subject insures that there will be other syntheses.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. antibiotic. 2. cambric. 3. abdicate. 4. barbecue. 5. roadblock. 6. lambency. 7. abacus. 8. ambivalence. 9. dabchick. 10. tablecloth. 11. carbuncle. 12. iambic. 13. diabolic. 14. flamboyance. 15. ambiance. 16. fabricate. 17. abstract. 18. albacore. 19. alembic. 20. tabernacle.

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Across the River, Into the Steppe

***A View of All the Russias,** by Laurens van der Post (Morrow. 374 pp. $5.95), discerns the humanity inherent even in what is usually described as a monolithic nation. Harrison E. Salisbury is the author of numerous books about the Soviet Union.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

LAURENS VAN DER POST may describe himself as a novelist or even as a world traveler. But he has the heart of a poet and a poet's shrewd skill in cutting through mass to the very veins and nerves of a country's spirit. His journey to Russia was a long, complicated, and carefully constructed trip designed to give him a feeling of what this contradictory and almost excessively analyzed country is all about.

The product is pure joy—the observations and reflections of a mature, thoughtful man, a man deeply attached to the political and personal philosophies of the West but a man who regards all humans as part of the whole, one who is prepared to meet and talk with Russians as one man to another and not within the context of an interminable debating match.

He quickly came to feel with Klyuchevsky that the determinant factor in Russian character and psychology is the steppe, the open, boundless land that flows like a sea from horizon to horizon. And he sensed, too, as few professional analysts or scholarly students have, that Russia is still pre-eminently a land of rivers and the true domain of the railroad.

Colonel van der Post crisscrossed the Soviet Union. He saw the Baltic, the Black Sea, Yalta, the Caucasus, ancient Central Asia, the raw newness of Siberia, the great relics of Kiev, the imperial glory of Leningrad, and Moscow's bureaucratic bustle.

He found the Russians at their best when they were traveling, for "physically and mentally they are people still on a journey and so journeys release them from complex reserves and fears of all kinds."

Of the approaches to Moscow on a spring evening he writes:

> The calm was immense and not a shiver of air stirred the frail branches. Beyond the trees rose neither mountains, hills, mounds nor even towers. On such level earth in so level an evening the sky achieved its fullness of space and height. And that, too, was very Russian.

Very Russian also was the young girl he met who got even with a red-tape-bound superior by sending him a subscription to the *Pig Breeders' Gazette.* Even more Russian, perhaps, is the fact that this caused the official to suffer a nervous breakdown.

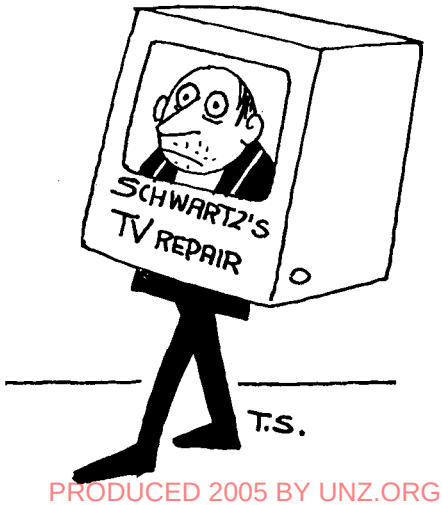
Like others before him, he noted the deification of Lenin as a kind of god in mufti, and he observed with wry perplexity a system in which those who profiteer in goods needed by the people are punished by the death penalty whereas officials who fail to provide for those needs are deemed guilty of no crime at all.

At almost every step Colonel van der Post was struck by the contrast between the hideousness of Russian "things"—from pots to mighty buildings—and the delicacy, tenderness, and sensitivity of the people.

And here in the dozens of vignettes of Russian individuals, which pass in panorama across his pages, van der Post's book reaches its poetic height.

There are, of course, minor inaccuracies. Lenin did not retain to the end his belief in the wisdom of Stalin's nationalist views. Indeed, he died in deep concern about them. Odessa, despite early Greek settlements, is essentially a very recent Russian city, founded just before 1800. Far from having been "almost destroyed by Germans," it was hardly touched, except for the suburbs and shipping facilities. Stalin's famous expropriations occurred in Tiflis. And the steamboat trip from Rostov to Moscow takes twelve or thirteen days, not five.

But these are inconsequential beside the brilliance of Colonel van der Post's word picture, the finest we have yet had of contemporary Russia.



P's and Q's in Aix: "Oh no!" groaned an old friend of M. F. K. Fisher's as the author and gourmet strolled about Aix-en-Provence with a "writing-look" in her eye. "Not you too! Not another tiny poetical masterpiece. . . ."

Fortunately, Mrs. Fisher's *Map of Another Town: A Memoir of Provence* (Little, Brown, $5.75) merits no such damning description. It is a lovely, lively book written with imagination and style. The day-to-day adventures of the American author and her two young daughters as they encounter life in a French town of the 1950s are certainly not the stuff of which drama is made, but they are, in a quiet way, delightful.

This is a book to be savored, like a good *pot-au-feu à la provençale.* Although such is far from being Mrs. Fisher's intention, her memoir could also serve as a guide on how and how not to behave when living abroad.

The writer found Smith College girls generally "serious and attractive" but prone to overemphasize the importance of adequate bathing facilities and having their cigarettes lit for them. The boys at the American University School performed childish exploits and "would languish, away from Mother's Cooking." Least adaptable of all were the affluent Fulbright students, who "seemed to have very little wish to identify themselves with the life of the town, and small talent for it when they showed any at all."

But, in the longest best chapter in the book, "17 Rue Cardinale," Mrs. Fisher details with sympathy, bafflement, rage, and love the formidable strength, the equally formidable extravagances, the maddening and inscrutable *Frenchness* of assorted French landladies.

One of the hardiest of this hardy breed, Madame Lanes, once described for her foreign guests the unforgettable day when, overtired and ready to faint, she leaned against a tree and would have fallen but for the help of a "very ordinary" woman. The woman was kind but, Madame contended, most rude to assist her, being of a different class.

Surely, interposed the startled foreigners, you would have helped her had the circumstances been reversed?

"'Never,' Madame said simply, and we tackled the scallop of veal."

—DORRIE PAGONES.

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Between the Sirens and the Muse

By DUDLEY FITTS, *editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets*

I DON'T know what song the sirens sang, but I think John Ciardi has studied voice with them. "The Poetry Quarterly," he says; and although it is an exercise that neither one of us believes in—a coarse, necessarily hasty glance at the far too many books of verse produced during the last few months—I yield once more to his beguilement. The man out-trills Parthenopê.

Here are some thirty books: poetry, verse, metered language, impassioned paralysis, passionless linotype constructions; a few "Collecteds" with the usual additions; several monographs anatomizing the Great Dead; and the customary effluvium of narcissistic or vanity-press idleness, neither better nor worse than it always is. At least half of the thirty will receive no identification, let alone further comment, in the hit-and-run discussion that follows; and if the reader misses one of his favorites, he must assume either that the pearl was not cast before me, or that my deficiencies blinded me to its worth. So we shall avoid empty wounding and save space: economy abetted by humility.

It is a pity that two of the books remaining should owe some of their force to death. Posthumous printing raises questions that are, or ought to be, irrelevant—sentimentalities, perhaps, like those that surround a man's personal possessions the morning after his funeral, vain divinings, speculations as to the artist's awareness of the approaching end. When death was sudden, we know that the book was left open, so; the pen or the pipe or the spectacles put aside, with no consciousness of ending, certainly with no symbolic design; yet it is difficult to contemplate these objects without reading into them more of an intention than we know they can bear. This spacious pathos attaches itself particularly to the last utterances of a good poet unexpectedly taken by death, and there is a danger that it will color one's judgment. If it were possible, one would assume that E. E. Cummings will be writing his poems through all the predictable future—as, in a sense, he will be—and that Louis MacNeice has given us merely his latest book, not his last. Regarded so, Mr. Cummings's *73 Poems* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50) repeats his usual form: four or five poems of a beauty and a power that annihilate objection, accompanied by a number of minor pieces in which wit and eccentricity oscillate between illumination and confusion. At least one of these lyrics, "now does our world descend," will be remembered with the best of his work—the unembarrassed overtness of speech, the intricate variations of tonality and rhythm culminating in the last eight lines:

> therefore despair, my heart
> and die into the dirt
>
> but from this endless end
> of briefer each our bliss—
> where seeing eyes go blind
> (where lips forget to kiss)
> where everything's nothing
> —arise, my soul; and sing

(The meter demands *nó thing*. I had almost said "of course," but there's no "of course" about it: a learner could do worse than spend a long time thinking about that final couplet.) There are three excellent sonnets as well: "your homecoming will be my homecoming," "if in beginning twilight of winter will stand," and "enter no silence in the blood whose flesh"; and one epigram worthy of Mimnermos:

> wild (at our first) beasts uttered human words
> —our second coming made stones sing like birds—
> but o the starhushed silence which our third's

One can only say *Ad multos annos*. The serious weighing of E. E. Cummings began more than thirty years ago, with Richard Blackmur's magisterial and friendly attack in *Hound & Horn*, and there has been nothing of equal value since then. Now we must have the reassessments.

As of Louis MacNeice—although it must be confessed that this very appealing poet has hardly been assessed at all. *The Burning Perch* (Oxford University Press, $3.75) has about it even less of the posthumous aura than the interrupted poetry of Cummings. It is graceful, deliberately slight and underplayed, disdainful of the great and general audience:

> . . . . for whom Lares, Penates,
> And all their kind are nothing but rhetoric,
> Funerary urns from the supermarket.

MacNeice was one of the Auden constellation that sailed into our ken early in the Thirties, and many of us thought at the time that he was the most promising of them all. Yet he never won the recognition that Stephen Spender and C. Day Lewis have enjoyed, though neither of them, at first, was predictably his superior. Like John Wheelwright and John Peale Bishop in our country, he seems to have missed fire, to have become a poets' poet, a rumor among poets, though no less ponderable for that. A classical scholar—a gifted amateur, at any rate—he has always been at his best in the humanistic tradition: one remembers the two fine Eclogues from his first book; later, his tender evocation of the animal epitaphs from the Greek Anthology; his craggy, sonorous rendering of the *Agamemnon* of Aischylos and his exuberant translation, certainly the best in the language, of Horace's *"Solvitur acris hiems."* His last poems are more casual, more "tourist" in tone, than any of these; yet there is a serious playfulness here that is wholly his own, a mode that I find especially touching (the death-pathos again?). And there are brilliant pieces, too: "Children's Games," for example; "The Introduction," a savage requiem for youth and age in love; and the harsh rhetoric—funerary, perhaps, but by no means from the supermarket—of "Ravenna":

> What do I remember of Ravenna?
> A bad smell mixed with glory, and the cold
> Eyes that belie the tessellated gold.

As a collection *The Burning Perch* is not particularly significant: an *ad interim* book, one would say. It acquires its weight from the unhappy fact that the interim is forever.

So much for elegy. We must turn

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now for a briefer glance at some of the other books. Three of them are collections of earlier work, with or without additions: Kenneth Rexroth's *Natural Numbers* (New Directions, hardbound, $4.50, paperback, $1.75), Elder Olson's *Collected Poems* (Chicago University Press, hardbound, $6.50, paperback, $2.45), and Babette Deutsch's *Collected Poems: 1919-1962* (Indiana University Press, $4.50). These names are familiar to anyone who reads contemporary poetry at all, and it would be idle in a review of this nature to do more than call attention to them, noting that the civility and accomplishment are substantial but regularly disturbed by a sort of hollow portentousness.

IT is the prophetic fuss, the preternatural solemnity during the emissions of symbolic cliché, that makes the tone hollow. I find it so more often than not in Mr. Olson's academic verse; and even Miss Deutsch is capable of this kind of portentousness, exemplified by the opening of "The Song," which she reprints in her collection:

> Oh, bitter-hearted me, thrice-parted me,
> What Pythagorean discipline will wring
> From discord, harmony?
> And where, out of this quarreling breast
> Shall peace be found?

Fortunately Miss Deutsch is not always so Pythagorean, and it is to the more relaxed pleasures of her work that readers will turn for comfort.

Natural Numbers is subtitled "New and Selected Poems," but one hopes that the "selection" is only *ad hoc*, for it is ruthless in its rejections and revisions of poems long and gratefully remembered. Possibly the new poems were felt to be too slight to stand by themselves, and indeed they only mark time, not an advance; but it was wrong, I think, to fill out the necessary number of pages with the *disjecta membra* of so much that was superlatively good in its original context. At best, this collection will serve to send new readers back to the bold, varied, amorous, lyric didacticism of Mr. Rexroth's extensive work already in print.

The African Boy, by E. N. Sargent (Macmillan, $3.95), is the strangest of these new books and one of the more disturbingly provocative. It is a lyric, or series of lyrics: anthropological—African, primitive; ritual—circumcision, female; ecstatic—the rite is evoked in the consciousness of the participants themselves. There is a brief but impressive bibliography of learned sources, ending with the Ministry of Education of Ibadan, Nigeria. There are clarifying drawings of ritual tattoo signs. The author is named but in no way particularized. So far, one would say, so bad: primitive poetry, like primitive music—African, American Indian, Bedouin, Mongolian, anything else—is generally the hollowest of all possible amens, the quintessence of boredom, except (of course) to the anthropological and other experts involved. *The African Boy*, however, is an exception of another kind: the primitive material has been transmuted by lyric and dramatic art. How "authentic" Mr. (or Mrs., or Miss) Sargent's scholarship may be, I have no way of knowing; but I am perfectly willing to go along with him in this poem because the depth, the color, the passionate impetus of the writing move independent of questions of authority. There is always the danger of being had, certainly, of being dazzled by sheer virtuosic hocus-pocus. All orgiastic writing—think of the choruses of the *Bacchae*—risks the sudden laugh that will deflate the whole apparatus. The Sargent poem works, nevertheless, in all its terror and physical repulsiveness, and works towards a powerful affirmation of love.

For a variety of reasons (especially the fact that, as editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, I introduced his first book), it would probably be better taste on my part to refrain from saying anything at all about Alan Dugan's *Poems 2* (Yale University Press, hardbound, $3.50, paperback, $1.25), and I shall content myself with asserting again that this is a major voice in contemporary poetry and that it becomes more compelling as the new evidence accumulates. Let others assess that evidence; my concern now is with Miss Carrier, Miss Miller, and Mr. Rago.

Constance Carrier's *The Poems of Propertius* (Indiana University Press, $4.95) is a complete translation of that difficult and tormented Roman poet, and it is a handsomely persuasive accomplishment. Our ideas about Propertius, assuming that we have any at all, are likely to be colored by Ezra Pound's "Homage"—a splendid poem on its own terms, but remote enough from the Propertius it pretends to recreate. Miss Carrier's work, scholarship and poetry combined, brings us closer to a real man than Pound's romantic pastiche allows us to get. He is seen, of course, through her eyes, as he is expressed by her art; and I suspect that the feminine pronoun is important in this situation. A man may translate Sappho, and without more loss than translation always involves, because Sappho exists chiefly in fragments; but a woman translating Propertius, who has come down to us relatively intact, is almost bound to impose her femininity upon the male sensibility of the poet. The matter is undeviatingly erotic; the manner, in Latin, could hardly be more male. Miss Carrier has not consciously altered or heightened anything in the text, and she has given us a body of love poetry that is psychologically as engrossing in English as it is in the original language;

"One of us is an impostor."

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but there is a softness in her poems, a kind of winsome liquescence, that suggests Cynthia rather more than Cynthia's lover. I do not intend this as more than an observation, certainly not as a complaint. Indeed, my only serious complaint is technical: that the elegiac couplet of the Latin is distorted by Miss Carrier's x-a-x-a rhyme scheme, which dilutes the distich by enforcing quatrains, even though the quasi-stanzas are not typographically divided. It would have been better, I think, to avoid any reminiscence of the Latin structure.

Henry Rago's poems, *A Sky of Late Summer* (Macmillan, $3.95), are brought together here in a distillation of the work of the last ten years. It is a quiet and graceful collection, especially effective in its disposition of melodic nuances:

> The willow shining
> From the quick rain,
> Leaf, cloud, early star
> Are shaken light in this water:
> The tremolo of their brightness: light
> Sung back in light.

A fragment only; but one perceives that the poet knew what he wanted to do and did it, which happens less often than you would think. The fact that I prefer another way of doing—Dugan's, for instance, or MacNeice's, or Rexroth's—is only of autobiographical interest. Pure music has its praise, too; and that is what the best of *A Sky of Late Summer* is.

Vassar Miller's new poems, *My Bones Being Wiser* (Wesleyan University Press, $1.45), reiterate the fusion of sensual and spiritual love that has been celebrated with insistent power in her earlier work. The mode is decadent, certainly, and at times her handling of it would excite the professional interest of Mario Praz; but her intensity, when she is not merely enlarging upon a conceit or indulging in *delectatio morosa*, makes poems that persist in the mind. She is undiscriminating as well as sensational, however, and there are occasions when any platitude will serve:

> Popes and silly girls have visions,
> but me, lost in the desert of myself,
> Christ and His holy angels
> have left severely alone.

And I must leave, "severely alone," the remaining evidence of John Ciardi's largesse. None of it, I think, presses upon the heels of any of the work that I have mentioned. Much of it is from or for the supermarket, funerary or otherwise. Some of it is inert. And some of it, I'm convinced, doesn't exist at all: a mirage in the spume that surrounds that siren on the rocks, your poetry editor.

The Saving Remnants of Grace

***Extreme Magic,** by Hortense Calisher (Little, Brown. 260 pp. $5), comprised of eight short stories and a novella, scrutinizes the stitching in the patchwork of human relations. David Boroff, who teaches English at NYU, concentrates as a critic on contemporary American fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

THE RHYTHMS of literary recognition are hard to fathom, but there seems little doubt that Hortense Calisher's reputation is in the ascendancy. For some years now she has been writing stories and novels marked by firm integrity of purpose and scrupulous craftsmanship.

Miss Calisher can be "placed" in two ways: as a *New Yorker* writer (though she is not abundantly represented in the pages of that magazine), and—without even the faintest pejorative intent—as a woman writer deriving from the tradition of Edith Wharton and Willa Cather. In the *New Yorker* manner, she offers the small tilt of awareness rather than the explosive revelation, vignettes of grace under pressure rather than existentialist travail. As a woman writer, she is concerned with those junctures of experience in which the amenities of our civilization are threatened, and with the sad, shabby, sometimes ennobling ways in which the patchwork of human relationships is somehow maintained. It is easy to say, therefore, what Miss Calisher is not. She is no hipster goddess, no cheerleader for sexual epiphanies, no architect of new novel forms designed to end the novel. She writes in a humanistic tradition, which seems spacious enough for her needs and which she has significantly enriched. The intensity of her commitment is also reflected in her prose. She is an immaculate stylist, a precisionist of the utmost rigor, and an arresting phrase-maker. If the compass of her writing is fairly narrow, there is an admirable consistency about her work.

Extreme Magic consists of a novella —the title story—and eight short stories that have appeared during the past decade in a variety of magazines, including *The New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar*. One or two are little more than extended anecdotes, like the opening story, which is a spoof on the study of phonetics. But the modesty of Miss

"Oh, stop sizing everyone up and come join the fun."

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Calisher's unassertive tone can be misleading. In "Two Colonials," for example, there is a wonderfully muscular vindication of common sense and good will. The story concerns a little Midwestern college which used to turn out teachers and social workers and now offers courses in Kierkegaard and guided missiles. The villainess in this gentle academic pesthole is a faculty wife, Portia-Lou Mabie, who "had a talent for endorsing the worthiest convictions in a way that made their very holders wish immediately to disavow them." An academic from England, Alastair Pines, falls into her formidably Anglophile clutches, but he is not nearly English enough for her tastes. When he refers to a colleague as a "short round sort of chap. Little Jew with a beret," Mrs. Mabie indicts him as an anti-Semite. But it turns out that Pines and Weil, the refugee Jewish professor, are natural allies, while Mrs. Mabie, in her squeamish revulsion against the word Jew, is the authentic bigot.

"A Christmas Carillon" is a shrewdly observant story which affirms domesticity without falling into sentimental clichés. Grorley, who had once been a "gourmet of loneliness, prowling bachelor-style on the edge of society," had married one of those village girls who "although they dressed like ballerinas and prattled of art like painters' mistresses, drew both their incomes and their morality from good, solid middle-class families." Trapped by domesticity, he tries to recapture the old careless raptures in a curious arrangement that combines both freedom and family. In the end, however, he returns home. "This is middle age," he decides. "Stand still and hear the sound of it, bonging like carillons, the gathering sound of all the platitudes, sternly coming true."

"The Rabbi's Daughter" is a moving evocation of the plight of a gifted young woman who turns her back on a career as a pianist in favor of marriage and children. She begins to see herself as one of the "shriveled, talented women"—those "who were once 'at the League,' who cannot keep themselves from hanging the paintings, the promising *juvenilia*, on their walls, but who flinch, deprecating, when one notices . . . the quondam writers, chary of ridicule, who sometimes, over wine, let themselves be persuaded into bringing out a faded typescript. . . ." Moving to a new town with her engineer husband, she finds herself reluctant to get out of her traveling clothes ("Once I change I'll be settled. As long as I keep it on . . . I'm still a visitor"). But in this story, too, domesticity triumphs, for the young woman arms herself against her denied half, which might venomously intrigue against the other half.

The novella, *Extreme Magic*, is artistically less tidy than the short stories. It concerns a man who, after the tragic death of his own family, is reclaimed by the torments he witnesses in the lives of a local innkeeper and his wife. Nevertheless, even in her weaker efforts Hortense Calisher can, in a phrase, get at some buried nerve of experience. And at her best she sounds rich and complex chords that reverberate lastingly in the mind.

—From "The Old Boys."

Alumni of Anti-Life: From Alec Waugh's *Loom of Youth* to David Benedictus's *The Fourth of June*, there have been many devastating, funny, or clever exposés of "what really goes on" at an English public school. But in his first novel, *The Old Boys* (Viking, $3.95) —which is certainly clever, in places very funny, and in a quiet way quite devastating—, William Trevor has chosen to show us the anti-life force of the public school as it bears upon the existences of eight "boys," all of whom are now over seventy.

These eight old boys are members of the committee of the Old Boys' Association of an unnamed public school at which, long ago, they were contemporaries. The main thread of the story concerns the efforts of Jaraby to make certain that he will be elected the next chairman of the committee. In fact his election is opposed only by Nox, who bears an ancient schoolboy spite against Jaraby.

The principles of the Old School are personified by Dowse, the long-dead housemaster, who believed that "You must apply to the world the laws that apply to this school." In faithful obedience to these laws, Jaraby has bullied his wife, rejected his ineffectual son, periodically released his sex in a brothel (recommend by Dowse), and lavished his only affection on Monmouth, a huge, one-eyed, and loathsome cat.

Toward the end, when, because of Nox's machinations, Jaraby sees the chairmanship slipping from his grasp, he cries out in desperate paranoia, "Nox is a Jew!"

This is untrue. But the entire basis of Jaraby's self-righteous championship of Dowse is untrue, too. "H. L. Dowse," says General Sanctuary, the only one of the old boys who ever lived in the present, "was perverted, sadistic, malicious, and dangerous." And Jaraby recalls that Dowse in his old age said, "The world is the School gone mad."

Yet, though he sees all about him grow vengeful and insane—his wife, who is now bitterly rebellious, his black-sheep son, his treacherous fellow members—Jaraby will not give in. With grotesquely Kiplingesque courage, he says out loud to no one, "I will hold up my head."

Mr. Trevor's deliberately stylized dialogue beautifully conveys a peculiar quality of unreality; for, although all of *The Old Boys* are close to the grave, this is not a book about death, but about unlived life. It is an original novel and a very good one. —JULIAN GLOAG.

Frankenstein in the Highlands: David Walker's ninth novel, *Winter of Madness* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95), is a kind of literary Scotch stew, containing in equal parts about every sure-fire ingredient that makes for mass popularity. The basic situation is similar to that of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, but with more sinister undertones. It concerns a Scottish nobleman, whose tranquil existence in the Highlands is disturbed by the appearance of a mysterious American multimillionaire holding economic theories somewhere to the right of Daddy Warbucks. He takes quarters in the Scot's mansion, ostensibly to write his memoirs, but in actuality he is contriving to foist upon the world

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a robot that will make automation as outdated as the steam engine. Walker gradually and plausibly fills the mansion with the most preposterous array of characters since *Grand Hotel*; and, in the tradition of quickie farce, the Scots are quaint, the Americans naïve, the Englishmen suave, and the children precocious and monstrous.

What makes this comedy-mystery-romance-horror story of more than routine interest is the lively, first-person narration that Walker has assigned to his Scots nobleman, Tarquin Ian Auchart Duncatto. Duncatto's sharp eye and ear are quite equal to the novel's outlandish sequence of events. In addition, the author delightfully spoofs that much-parodied secret agent James Bond in the character of one Tiger Clyde: "Through swirls of heady smoke he paced my study, draw after draw of Melachrino, sip after sip of prewar Glinlivet. Ten Egyptians and one bottle gone, Tiger Clyde abruptly sat. He stared at the flames. I could not watch the firelight's play upon the hawklike face. 'You're a solid type,' he growled, 'I'm going to trust you.' Among Clyde-Bond's axioms is "If you like a chap, never shoot him in the guts; it isn't cricket."

In the true spirit of comedy, *Winter of Madness* ends with evil being put down, love triumphing in unexpected places, and tranquility and sanity once again being restored to the Scottish Highlands.

—Burling Lowrey.

Corsair in Commerce: Likely to appear in the parlor game of memorable first lines is that of P. H. Newby's new novel, *The Barbary Light* (Lippincott, $3.95): "One evening, in bed, she said they had been friendly long enough now to think of getting married. . . ." After such an opening the rest of the novel almost inevitably has to be a disappointment; and it is.

Although the setting—London and environs, with a side trip to Tunis—is for the most part less exotic than that in some of his best-known earlier fiction, the theme is Newby's trademarked one. Again the central figure is impelled (or compelled) to take a journey, which becomes a quest for his true self. Again the journey makes possible the readjustment of the hero to life with himself in his natural habitat.

The journey in *The Barbary Light* is at first an abortive one, which Owen Hanner has never forgotten: when he was twelve he tried to run away on a freighter to the Barbary Coast, but the ship never left Bristol Channel. Now fortyish, Hanner rediscovers his need for self-assertion. This finds its outlet through the acquisition of a mistress and dabbling in embezzlement. Neither proves satisfying, and one of the more comic scenes displays Hanner's wife, Sybil—who has brought Alex, the mistress, home to live with them—working with Alex on jigsaw puzzles and sharing snacks with her, while mistress wears wife's poppy-flowered nightgowns. Hanner, meanwhile, enjoys the affection of neither.

When even the accumulation of ill-gotten money proves distasteful and troublesome, little but the foundered boyhood voyage is left for Hanner, who in his mild way has been a Barbary pirate (London variety) in love and commerce. Although Hanner has always known it theoretically, it takes further complications to reinforce for him the comforting idea that "being a human being was not such a difficult role to play provided nothing extraordinary was expected."

Comic in a surprisingly quiet way, with Newby's characteristic gifts for evoking the nature of daydreams and for realistic, ironically witty dialogue, *The Barbary Light* is an unpretentious entertainment that also attempts an underlying seriousness. American readers may be puzzled by some of the author's peculiarly English expressions, may need some appreciation for the subtleties of London geography, or may quail at such quaint ideas as that "American ice-cream soda" can be commercially bottled; nevertheless there are rewards for the faithful.

—Stanley Weintraub.

Touch Typist with Switchblade: It often has been claimed that a talented young writer who has produced a successful first novel is apt to encounter serious creative difficulties when it comes to producing a second. In the case of Alfred Grossman, whose first novel, *Acrobat Admits*, received much praise, no such difficulties are discernible.

Though *Many Slippery Errors* (Doubleday, $4.50) is a disturbing novel, it also is an entertaining one, for Alfred Grossman's rage against all that can be called established in American life is skilfully balanced by tolerance and amiability. His gift for verbal invention and his ability to create incidents that are farcical but devastating were displayed to excellent but erratic advantage in his first novel. In this new book he has taken more care with construction and has gone to the trouble to tell a good story.

Since he writes in the first person, the plot is dominated by the personality of the narrator, Charles Kraft, a demographer in the United Nations Secretariat, who can't believe, though obviously he should, that he has it made. Oppressed by boredom, bureaucracy, his own rebellious nature, and an insecure but insistent wife, he launches his protest against all these things when he begins to pursue an attractive young typist in his office who, he has discovered, carries a switchblade. The pursuit leads him to the headquarters of a juvenile gang in Brooklyn, which has as its mentor an aged wanderer with but one hope left in life, which is to blow up a power plant on the East River. The complications that ensue are, though immediately comical, tragic by implication. Charles learns in the end that those who would rebel come off as badly, if not worse, than those who would conform. The conclusion that the reader must draw is that in our society rebellion, though admirable in the attempt, is inevitably futile, and the only possible anarchy that can be achieved is that of the senses.

Fortunately, Alfred Grossman manages to give his characters a conviction that is upheld throughout his story, and the narrative itself never loses its interest and plausibility despite a few lapses into overextended and somewhat inflated monologues. Grossman demonstrates in this novel that he is bringing his unusual gifts under excellent control and that he can be expected to become a sound novelist as as well as a brilliant writer.

—Victor Chapin.

Tar in the Bayous: The publisher states that *Love You Good, See You Later* (Scribners, $3.95), by Eugene Walter, is a satirical novel. Whether it is or is not—and frankly I think that the South that has been presented by most of the so-called Southern writers is so bizarre as to be its own satire—is of little importance to your enjoyment of their romp through the bayous.

Briefly, Mr. Walter is telling the story of a sailor's visit with the Bergerons, a passionate and wacky clan of redheads. The young and hotblooded grandmother, Amelie, had once picked up the sailor during Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and now she has summoned him from across the world to come and be her last adventure and possibly her granddaughter's first.

While this setup could make for heavy sexual going in other hands, with Mr. Walter in charge it is a light, delightful spree with people who qualify as eccentrics only because they have the guts to live their lives their way and at full tilt. The combination of the lush bayou setting and the lusty crew, including a couple of spirit voices and a conjure man, that Mr. Walter has turned loose in it, brings to mind *A Midsummer Night's Dream* performed with a "you-all" accent. *Love You Good, See You Later* is a soufflé of a book—light and high, warm and rich and, most of all, satisfying.

—Haskel Frankel.

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A World That Won't Stand Still

Living in a World Revolution: My Encounters with History, *by Hans Kohn (Trident. 185 pp. $3.95), a volume in the Credo Series, asserts that the essence of the social experience is comprised of diversity, pluralism, mutual respect, compromises, and continual change. Carroll Quigley is professor of history at Georgetown University and author of "The Evolution of Civilization."*

By CARROLL QUIGLEY

WHEN Socrates asked the aged Cephalus what old age has to relate of life to the coming generation, he did not get a very fruitful answer. He should have asked Hans Kohn. For Professor Kohn has much of value to report. It is doubtful if any lifetime in human history has covered a more eventful period than Professor Kohn's allotted three-score-and-ten, which began in 1891. And few men living in those years have been more aware of what was going on than the author of this little book. More—the author is that rare thing, a true cosmopolitan, as much at home, apparently, during his year in Irkutsk, Siberia, in 1919 as during his fifteen months in Paris, four years in London, six in Jerusalem, or fifteen in Northampton, Massachusetts. His youth in Prague was spent under that diverse and anachronistic political structure, the Hapsburg monarchy, which was destroyed in 1918, but which now, with the turning of the tide of Europe's political development, has many lessons for the future of an integrated Europe.

Not many men are better qualified than Professor Kohn to teach those lessons. In his twenties, during World War I, he was a soldier of the Central Powers; he was a prisoner of war in Russia during the five crucial years 1915-1920, and he was a student and journalist over much of Europe and the Near East until he came to America in 1933. Today, after twenty-seven years of teaching at Smith College and the City College of New York, he is recognized as the historical profession's outstanding authority on nationalism and one of its most facile and prolific writers.

From Professor Kohn's experiences, related by a learned and thoughtful mind, a number of interesting conclusions emerge. One is that the experience of nationalism in much of Europe was very brief. In the 1890s Prague was still largely untouched by it, and today in Prague it has again become a secondary concern, while in the twenty years 1918-1938 it was the chief motivation of political action in all of Bohemia. Today Americans still insist on a fully integrated, largely conformist, nationalist society; hence it is something of a shock to us to read of the cultural and intellectual vitality that Prague, with its segregated linguistic groups, had in the 1890s. The Czechs, Germans, Jews, and others had separate theaters, literatures, and, to some extent, separate education, but they lived with a minimum of personal friction and found acquaintance with each other's cultures, especially music and literature, mutually enriching. Surely this is a model for the political and cultural future of Western Europe's Economic Community.

Almost equally striking is the intellectual and cultural fervor of young Hans and his friends. In an unaffluent society, where drudgery was endemic and automation undreamed of, they had the time and energy to sample all kinds of diverse experiences and to build the best aspects of these, by discussion and testing, into their own outlooks and values. How colorless in comparison is our contemporary students' "search for identity" in materialism and sensuality.

Professor Kohn's conclusions are not those of our recent past, but are those of an older convention, closer to our traditional Western culture. He sees diversity, pluralism, mutual respect, compromise, and continual change as the fundamental facts of human or social experience, and sees the slogans of the recent past, such as "One World, or None!," or the emphasis on conformity, integration, togetherness, and belonging, as misleading, even dangerous. In view of the rich experience of his own life and the longer-range view of his historical knowledge, his conclusions make sense—in terms of what is possible or desirable and in terms of the older traditions of our own Western culture.

Tight Little Island of Our Times

The Age of Triumph and Frustration: Modern Dialogues, *by Charles Yost (Speller. 242 pp. $4.95), voices the critical issues of our day as they might be probed by eleven contrasting, intelligent people. Malcolm Moos is professor of political science at Johns Hopkins University and visiting professor of public law and government at Columbia University.*

By MALCOLM MOOS

WHEN Brancusi was introduced to an acquaintance of an old friend, the noted sculptor asked what he was. "A writer," was the reply. "I've never cared much for the medium," said Brancusi. "You can't see it from every side." In the long struggle to deal with the collision of ideas many writers must have pondered the wisdom behind this remark. One of the oldest and perhaps one of the best literary forms for coping with ideas has been the philosophical dialogue—not a popular form, to be sure, but one having the distinct advantage of permitting the writer to put several conflicting viewpoints into orbit, and then, by means of discussion, stimulating the reader to form his own judgments. In this fashion it is not just the bold brush strokes that illuminate and define the clash of opinion, but the subtle nuances—the half-tones that shade the final measure of analysis as an argument squeezes into the tight places.

Working on a broad canvas, Charles Yost does just this in *The Age of Triumph and Frustration.* At a time when the world quivers under the threat of the bomb, it is both a topical and pithy commentary on the elements of discord and change on this sorely troubled planet. In a remarkable tour de force, Mr. Yost has achieved almost the impossible: a book that could alternatively provide intellectual nutrition for a year's graduate seminar or, read in one sitting, a thought-provoking, thoroughly rewarding evening's entertainment.

For this discourse on the critical issues of the age the author has grouped his materials into ten informal dialogues —among them, "Democracy and Dictatorship," "The Modern Temper," "Individuality, Fanaticism, and Faith," "Modern Art and Literature," "War," and "The Confines of Utopia."

For his cast Mr. Yost has gathered

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not quite a baker's dozen, but eleven men and women of various ages, nationalities, religions, achievements, hopes, and aspirations. The site is an imaginary island in the Mediterranean. Here, while supposedly vacationing, the individual characters give their testimony according to the lights he or she follows. Each differs markedly from the other. There is an Indian Brahmin turned Marxist, who after fifteen years of fruitless effort to convert Communist leaders to morality, has been expelled from the Party. Also in the group are a former United States Senator, an elderly philosopher, and a Victorian matriarch whose ideal is "the hierarchial tyranny of her ancestors rather than the popular tyranny of her contemporaries."

All of the speakers are intelligent, all incorrigibly human. Among those given the more profound, provocative, and witty roles, three stand out: the philosopher, the Victorian lady, and the judge.

Mr. Yost is clearly at home with the best in the literature of modern criticism, and he enriches the dialogues skilfully with striking quotations from Camus. Oretga y Gasset, Santayana, Whitehead, Djilas, Galbraith, and many others. He also writes with a subdued eloquence and an immense spirit. "It's never before in history been possible either to win so much in a decade or to lose everything in an hour. Man's on tiptoe reaching for a star, but the old earth's too soggy to give him purchase. He may fall and break his neck. The time has come to move onto high ground."

ALL the dialogues move briskly. "Democracy is not a matter of sentiment, but of foresight. Any system that doesn't take the long run into account will burn itself out in the short run."

Throughout, the venerable in age but not in spirit Victorian never pulls her punches. "I dislike the incorrigible discourtesy of mechanical gadgets. Is there any hope of teaching the telephone to be well-mannered? Is privacy any longer compatible with television, the loudspeaker, the phonograph, the automobile? How much more excitation can our little gray cells stand? Not only our best friends, our children and our dogs are having nervous breakdowns, but whole classes and nations. Husbands and wives are so high strung they divorce whenever the biscuits are burned or orgasm's tardy. . . . Our lives are organized like those of Pavlov's dogs, bells ringing all about us to start flowing the juices that used to come spontaneously from hunger and love."

Elsewhere, in a testy comment on art, she observes: "I dislike expressionism if by that you mean all those anatomical horrors and mismated rubbish that litter snobs' collections. They're disgusting and cowardly. Painters like doctors should have the courage and decency to keep their panic to themselves."

Mr. Yost is not a brooding pessimist. Rather, he seems a man wise in the ways of diplomacy who shares the opinion of Britain's brilliant diplomat and man of letters Harold Nicolson, that great diplomacy is not so much a matter of finding brilliant solutions as the avoidance of costly errors. "The hopes of international peace depend upon a firm disregard of the rights and wrongs of disputes, on which there can never be agreement, and on a purpose either to settle them by compromise or to ignore them. This is a time for diplomacy, not for justice, since it's precisely the definition of justice that the battle is all about."

It is an article of faith, Mr. Yost concludes, that "democrats reserve the right to differ and to differ out loud." But "democracy cannot survive if democrats do not recognize each other and each other's interests, if they cut each other's throats and beat out each other's brains. . . . If the democracies were ever able to establish a predominant harmony within and among themselves, the iron curtains of the totalitarians would tremble at the 'high white note' as did the walls of Jericho before the trumpets of Joshua."

No one can second-guess which of the expressed opinions are those of Mr. Yost or who the characters in the dialogue represent in real life. No mind, here is a volume to keep close to the night table—a wise, salty, slender but muscular tract that brings a moral elegance to the serious dialogues of a free people.

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

BANBURY BOG. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton. $3.50.

MAGNIFICENT MASQUERADE: The Strange Case of Dr. Coster and Mr. Musica. By Charles Keats. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

THE MISSING MAN. By Hillary Waugh. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE USSR: An Exchange of Views. Edited by Donald W. Treadgold. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.

ORDER OF BATTLE: A Republican's Call to Reason. By Jacob K. Javits. Atheneum. $5.95.

POLITICAL POWER: USA/USSR. By Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington. Viking. $7.50.

Fiction

DARRELL. By Marion Montgomery. Doubleday. $4.50.

A FEAST OF FREEDOM. By Leonard Wibberley. Morrow. $3.95.

THE LATE MATTIA PASCAL. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by William Weaver. Doubleday. $4.95.

MINISTERS OF VENGEANCE. By Robert E. Conot. Lippincott. $6.95.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE. By David Stacton. Putnam. $3.95.

History

THE AFRICAN PAST. Edited by Basil Davidson. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95.

AT THE PLEASURE OF THE MAYOR: Patronage and Power in New York City, 1898-1958. By Theodore J. Lowi. Free Press. $4.95.

COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE: Revolution in San Francisco, 1851. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Personal History

KEEP CALM IF YOU CAN. By Louise Hillary. Doubleday. $3.95.

KIND-HEARTED TIGER. By Gilbert Stuart with Alan Levy. Little, Brown. $5.95.

RABBI AND MINISTER: The Friendship of Stephen S. Wise and John Haynes Holmes. By Carl Hermann Voss. World. $6.95.

TODAY IS FOREVER. By Julian Hillas. Doubleday. $4.95.

Poetry

BLUE BOY ON SKATES. By M. L. Rosenthal. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.75.

THE MOMENT OF WONDER: A Collection of Chinese and Japanese Poetry. Edited by Richard Lewis. Dial. $3.95.

SELECTED POEMS. By Stevie Smith. New Directions. Paperback, $1.50.

SELECTED POEMS OF ANDREI VOZNESENSKY. Translated by Anselm Hollo. Grove. $3.50.

Religion

THE BIBLE FOR STUDENTS OF LITERATURE AND ART. Edited by G. B. Harrison. Doubleday. $6.95.

POPE JOHN AND THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL. By Carlo Falconi. World. $5.95.

PSYCHIATRY AND RELIGION. By Samuel Z. Klausner. Free Press. $6.95.

Theater, Films

BRECHT ON THEATRE. Edited and translated by John Willett. Hill & Wang. $6.50.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE and Other Plays. By Jean Cocteau. Translated by W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, and others. New Directions. $6.50.

POINT OF ORDER! By Emile de Antonio and Daniel Talbot. Norton. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.50.

TALMA: A Biography of an Actor. By Herbert F. Collins. Hill & Wang. $7.95.

Travel

JESUS CHRIST, LIGHT OF THE WORLD. (A guide to the World's Fair Protestant and Orthodox Center. By Waldemar Roberts. Thomas Nelson. $1.96.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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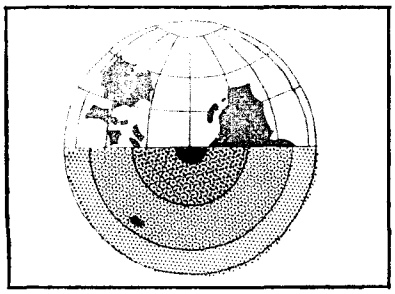
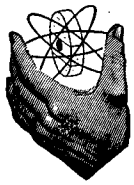


—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait XCV

ARTICLE: On the History of Science

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

OUR TREMBLING EARTH

AS these words are written, in mid-April 1964, planet earth has been trembling for twenty days from a rupture in its body beneath the floor of the Pacific Ocean forty-odd miles southeast of Anchorage, Alaska. Somewhere between three and eighteen miles under the basin that holds the sea (how little is known about the how and why of it can be judged from the caution with which competent scientists give their estimates of the depth—"eighteen miles plus or minus fifteen miles," they say), the rocks gave way at 5:36 p.m. Alaskan time on Good Friday, March 27. The crust of the earth then split along a line that ran southwest for 450 miles, and the rocky edges of the tear ground past each other with a thunderous rumble, sliding along with them thousands of terrified people, throwing the buildings of Anchorage into the city streets, wrecking other Alaskan towns (Seward, Valdez, Cordova and Kodiak among them), swaying the trunks of trees until their branches swept the ground, and pouring water in great waves along the Pacific perimeter southeast for 2,000 miles and southwest as far as Japan.

Whether the unscheduled high tides that appeared soon thereafter in the Mexican Gulf off Houston, Texas, or the red and yellow mud that colored water drawn from wells around Springfield, Missouri, or the rocks that fell from the roof of a cave at Harrison, Arkansas, were also consequences of the shaking seemed doubtful to geophysicists. But there was no question among them that during several subsequent days the entire surface of the earth rose more than a quarter of an inch, fell, and then rose again in a regular cycle just six minutes short of marking the hours. Less convulsive shocks, each carrying 1,000 to 10,000 times less energy than the first blow, continued into the nineteenth day after the original buckling; these were still sufficiently powerful to register plainly on seismographs of the Lamont Geophysical Observatory, the full breadth of the North American continent away, along the Hudson River. And Dr. Jack Oliver, one of the scientists there, guessed that the tremors would continue for at least a year.

Some people have seen a prophetic relationship between the earthquake of Good Friday 1964 and the photograph on the cover of the Good Friday issue of *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In that picture, taken from the air, the long scar line of the San Andreas Fault in California told a silent story of the work of natural forces too enormous to be comprehended in any close-up view of even the most detailed horror. Supporting the awful beauty of the photograph was a scientific report titled, "Earthquake Source Mechanisms."

Written by Professor Hugo Benioff, of California Institute of Technology's Seismological Laboratory, this report had extraordinary timeliness more for the information it could not convey than for the new data it introduced. Professor Benioff's most provocative contributions to man's knowledge of earthquakes in the March 27 issue of *Science* were speculations about the possible mechanisms of quakes that begin deep within the earth. Time may demonstrate some roundabout connection between such mechanisms and the mechanisms which operate nearer to the earth's surface where most of the shocks to which the planet is subject occur; but whatever linkages may exist are not understood at present; and the Good Friday earthquake was a shallow quake.

To say what has just been said is not to denigrate either Professor Benioff's report in *Science* or expressions elsewhere of the degree of his prescience. If anyone could predict an earthquake, he would be one of the likeliest prospects for the feat. Instruments of his designing have discovered more about the nature of earthquakes than all earlier, less sensitive seismographs together.

But the simple truth is that scientific study of earth's internal behavior is just beginning to emerge from a state of static observation to a moving frontier of dynamic analysis. What once were thought of as the depths of Hell have been taken into the laboratory, and methods of simulating the intense pressures and fantastic temperatures presumed to exist in earth's interior are being applied to rocks and metals under controlled conditions for the first time. The results are still in the debating stage.

ASK any competent geophysicist what causes earthquakes. He will tell you that forces bearing upon the planet in its continual whirling around the sun gradually build up strains and stresses until the energy involved passes the restraining limits of the stuff earth is made of at that point in space and time. A break occurs. The pent-up energy is freed. The shock drives the rocks apart. The rocks rebound. More energy is released. The rocks move again. Another rebound comes, followed by another explosion of energy and another adjustment of the rocks and so on until a new equilibrium is reached.

Specifically what, you ask the geophysicist to whom you have turned for advice, are the forces doing all this?

"Ah, yes," the geophysicist will reply, "that is an excellent question."

"You mean you can't say?"

"We can say, but we can't be sure."

Knowing that we don't know is a far less perilous state than pretending that we do know. Approximately reasonable understanding of earthquakes was delayed for centuries because the clergy taught the quaking was a punishment visited upon the wicked by a supreme supernatural judge. By 132 A.D., the Chinese had invented an "earthquake weathercock" (see sketches, page 43) which revealed the occurrence and general compass direction of otherwise imperceptible earth shocks by dropping small balls into the mouths of mechanical frogs and so setting off an alarm. The natural origins of this device are lost in

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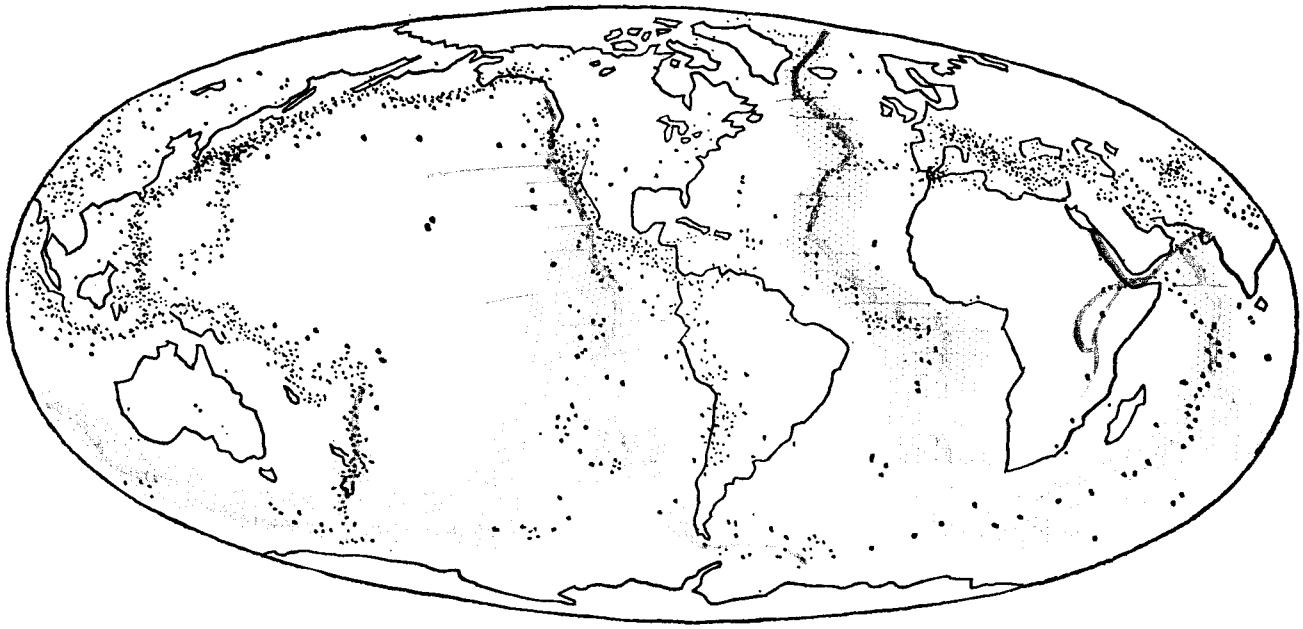

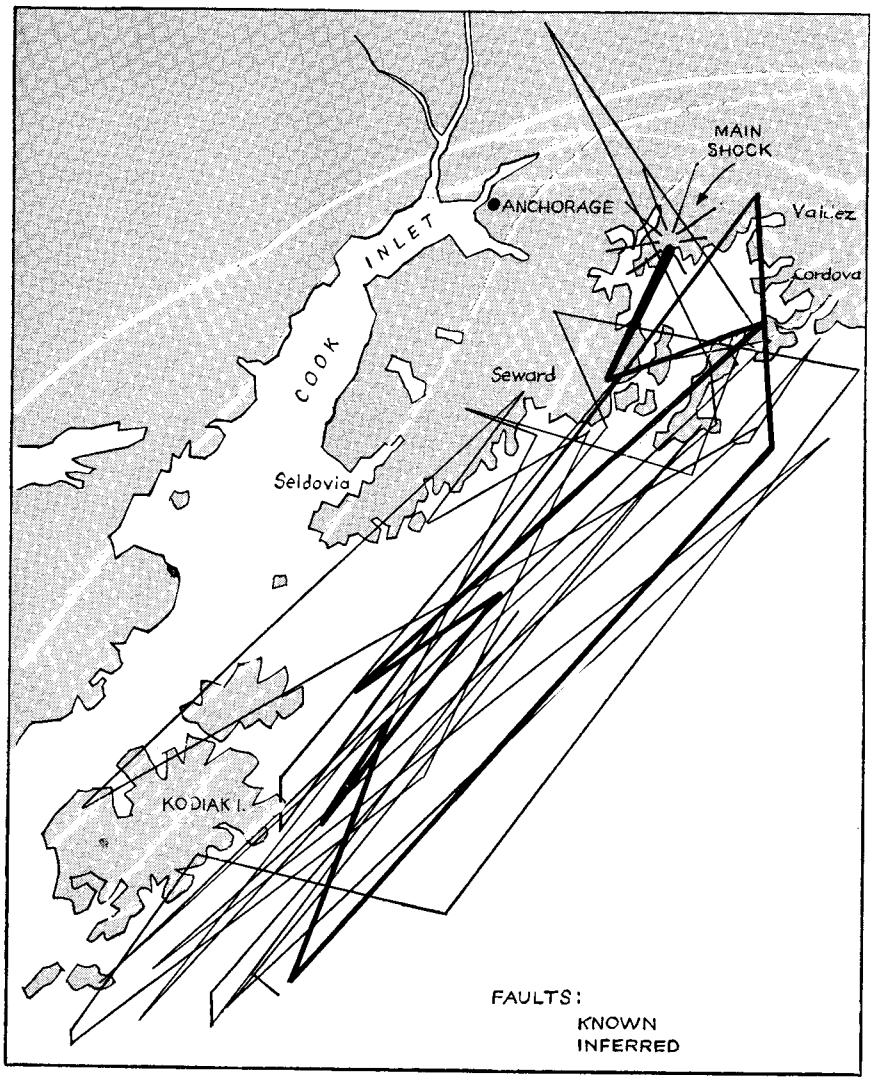

GREAT EARTH FRACTURES have been found meandering the planet, crossing the bottoms of all oceans. They are shown in color in the upper map in relation to the congregation of dots marking places where earthquakes have repeatedly occurred.

IN THE LOWER MAP, the faults bordering Alaska appear as guidelines for the quake of Good Friday 1964. Shattered glass effect of zig-zagging black lines is authentic reproduction of chronological procession of after-shocks, as recorded by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, which now has a seismological observing team headed by Karl V. Steinbrugge in the shaken region around Anchorage.

—Sketches by Doug Anderson.

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the mists of the ages. The most influential philosopher the western world ever had —Aristotle, the Greek—attributed earthquakes to air pressure, and the medieval church attributed the air pressure to the breath of God. Through a peculiar conjunction of circumstances, the earthquake that ruined Lisbon, capital city of Portugal, in 1755 (see Science in Books, pages 44 and 45 for a capsuled account) shook off the supernatural miasma and made possible the subsequent scientific investigation of causes and effects.

BUT here we are once again facing the old question: what are the fundamental causes of earthquakes?

By starting with the effects, it may be possible to explore backwards into some logical sorting of the reasons why. For the effects cannot be quibbled over. They are too plain on the face of the earth. From a global perspective, the grandest of them are the huge rift valleys of Africa. Within the United States, the most familiar is California's San Andreas Fault, trigger for the San Francisco quake of 1906. According to Robert Iacobi's new book, *Earthquake Country*, this fault extends laterally some 650 miles, is thought to run all the way through the planet's crust (roughly twenty miles), and clearly accounts for ancient rock displacements 10,000 to 15,000 feet high as well as a gradual horizontal drifting apart of the rocks at a rate of two inches a year. Far less known, but considerably more sweeping, are the consequences of another earthquake described in *Earthquakes and Earth Structure*, a paperback just published by Dr. John Hodgson, a Canadian government scientist whose theories play an important role in modern understanding of earthquake mechanisms. Following is an excerpt from that story:

"The states of Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky don't quite meet at a point. They miss it by perhaps 100 miles. But if they did meet at a point, that point would be close to New Madrid, Missouri. In 1811 New Madrid had a population of about 800. It contained ten streets running parallel with the river and eighteen crossing at right angles. The houses were of logs. It lay in the center of a gradually developing but still sparsely settled farming area in which the houses were also of logs.

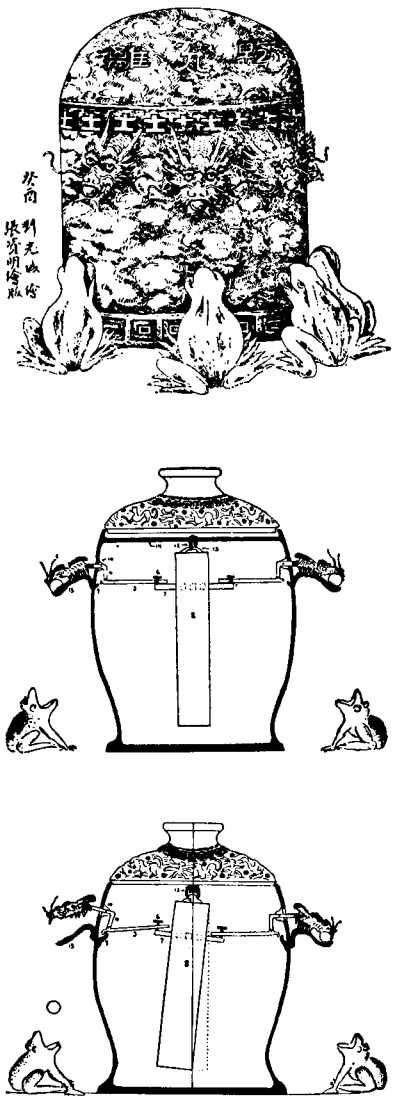
"At about 2 A.M. on the morning of December 16, 1811, the inhabitants of these houses were awakened by the straining, creaking, and cracking of the logs, by the noise of furniture being thrown around, and by the crash of falling chimneys. They rushed into the cold winter night, prevented from returning to their damaged homes by constantly recurring shocks. Daylight brought another as severe as the first. There followed a series of earthquakes which continued, several each day, for more than a year. Two of them, on January 23 and February 7, 1812, were fully as severe as the first one. The principal shocks were felt over an area of more than a million square miles, from New Orleans to Canada and all along the Atlantic seaboard.

"When the series had ended, an area of some 3,000 to 5,000 square miles lay scarred with its effects. The public parts and several of the streets of New Madrid were carried away by the collapse of the river banks, much of the farming land had been rendered unfit for cultivation, and only two families remained of the original population of 800. As the shocks subsided, the population gradually returned, and the task of rebuilding and recultivating commenced.

"Most of the spectacular effects were confined to the Mississippi River and its tributaries and to their bottom lands. These bottom lands consist of a thin layer of alluvium overlying a water-saturated bed of sand. This unconsolidated material was radically modified by the earthquake, sinking in many places to form swamps and in other places to form lakes, permanently water-covered, where forests had grown before. The formation of these lakes may not have been due purely to slumping of the alluvium. There is some evidence that other large areas were elevated, suggesting a change in the topography of the underlying bedrock. Whatever the cause, areas several square miles in extent were submerged five to twenty feet to form permanent lakes. According to a contemporary account 'large trees of walnut, white oak, and mulberry, such as grow on high land, are now seen submerged ten and twenty feet beneath the water. In some lakes I have seen cypresses so far beneath the surface that with a canoe I have paddled among the branches.'

"With the sinking of the bottom lands, and the opening and closing of fissures in the unconsolidated material, pressures built up in the underlying sand layer and water was violently exuded in the form of blows 'which rushed out . . . ejected to a height of from ten to fifteen feet . . . accompanied by a roaring and whistling produced by the impetuosity of the air escaping from its confinement.' This rush of water and air was accompanied by large quantities of sand, so that in many parts of the epicentral area the ground was completely covered with sand. This, combined with the furrows into which the earthquake had broken the land, made it impossible to cultivate for many years. Sometimes the flow of water and sand was more gentle, but the effects were equally devastating, for areas a mile or more in length became depressed and formed

Ancient China's "Earthquake Weathercock"



SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN CHINA, Volume Three, by Joseph Needham (Cambridge University Press) tells of a brilliant astronomer, geographer and mathematician named Chang Heng, who invented an earthquake detector in the year 132 A.D. This "ancestor of all seismographs," as Needham characterizes it, was a cast bronze vessel resembling a wine jar. Decorating its outside were the heads of eight dragons, each of which held a ball clamped in its mouth. The jaws of the clamps were hinged to a free swinging pendulum inside the jar. Sketches above show how an earthquake would swing the pendulum, open a dragon's mouth, and spit the ball into the mouth of a waiting frog.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

HOW EARTHQUAKES WERE NATURALIZED

WHAT ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord. . . .

—*The Book of Psalms,*
CXIV, 5-6.

WHEN they had recovered a little, they walked toward Lisbon; they had a little money by the help of which they hoped to be saved from hunger after having escaped the storm. Weeping the death of their benefactor, they had scarcely set foot in the town when they felt the earth tremble under their feet; the sea rose in foaming masses in the port and smashed the ships which rode at anchor. Whirlwinds of flame and ashes covered the streets and squares; the houses collapsed, the roofs were thrown upon the foundations, and the foundations were scattered; thirty thousand inhabitants of every age and both sexes were crushed under the ruins.

Whistling and swearing, the sailor said: "There'll be something to pick up here." "What can be the sufficient reason for this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "It is the last day!" cried Candide.

The sailor immediately ran among the debris, dared death to find money, found it, seized it, got drunk, and having slept off his wine, purchased the favors of the first woman of good-will he met on the ruins of the houses and among the dead and dying.

Pangloss, however, pulled him by the sleeve. "My friend," said he, "this is not well, you are disregarding universal reason, you choose the wrong time." "Blood and 'ounds!" he retorted, "I am a sailor and I was born in Batavia; four times have I stamped on the crucifix during voyages to Japan; you have found the right man for your universal reason!"

Candide had been hurt by some falling stones; he lay in the street covered with debris. He said to Pangloss: "Alas! Get me wine and oil; I am dying."

"This earthquake is not a new thing," replied Pangloss. "The town of Lima felt the same shocks in America last year; similar causes produce similar effects; there must be a train of sulphur underground from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing is more probable," replied Candide; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine."

"What do you mean, probable?" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that it is proved."

—VOLTAIRE,
in *Candide,*
(Modern Library, $1.95).

THE Lisbon earthquake, if measured by the destruction caused and its death-roll, was not one of the greatest disasters of its kind that have ever happened. India, China, and Japan have experienced earthquakes much more terrible, for example the dreadful Kwanto earthquake of 1923 that came near to destroying the whole of Tokyo and Yokohama and killed one hundred thousand people; but the earthquake of 1 November 1755 was nevertheless a colossal seismic disturbance that was felt over so large an area that it caused general alarm and astonishment and a great output of scientific speculation. It shook, for the most part severely, the whole south-west corner of Portugal, doing great damage to Setúbal and Sácavem, and in the southern coast of the Algarve the towns of Lagos, Faro, and Tavira. There was also a tremendous earthquake in North Africa in the area of Fez and Mequinez, where the destruction was catastrophic and there was a heavy loss of life; less severely it was felt as far away as Algiers on the African coast, and all over south-west Spain and Portugal from Coimbra to Seville and Cádiz; outside that area it was felt at many other places in central and southern Spain from Madrid to Granada, Guadix, Málaga, and Gibraltar. It caused noticeable shocks in northern Spain, and in France certainly as far as Bordeaux, and probably farther north. Evidence of the full extent of the earthquake is unsatisfactory; but shocks were reported at places like Lyons and Strasbourg and in Switzerland and North Italy, and also in Normandy and Brittany and the Scilly Islands. It was said, probably erroneously, to have been felt in Derbyshire and in Scotland. The sea-waves caused by the earthquake certainly reached England and Ireland, where they were recorded

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sloughs where good bottom land had previously existed.

"The rivers themselves were violently agitated by the earthquakes. Where bluffs formed the river banks, large landslides occurred, completely changing the navigable channel of the rivers. Several islands in the Mississippi vanished completely; one is said to have taken a colony of river pirates to their death. Temporarily the Mississippi reversed its course. This may have been due to the rise of land in the areas already described, or to the temporary blocking of the channel by landslides. The surface of the waters was thrown into violent waves which, rushing onto the land, did great damage to timber. In addition to the timber which was destroyed in this way or by the destruction of tree-covered bluffs or islands, vast areas of timber were killed by being deeply submerged in the newly formed lakes or condemned to slow death by submergence of their roots in the swamps. Over other large areas trees died for no apparent reason—they just died. The best guess seems to be that their roots had been too much disturbed by the vibration of the earthquake waves. In all, some 50,000 acres of prime timber were destroyed.

"There have been frequent small earthquakes in the New Madrid area in the last 150 years, but there has never been another major earthquake. It is an interesting fact, however, that if a straight line is drawn from New Madrid, along the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, this line marks the position of many earthquakes both in the United States and in Canada. In Canada some of these earthquakes have been quite serious. One of them, near Three Rivers, Quebec, may have been as large as the New Madrid earthquake, but it occurred in 1663 and one hesitates to depend too much on the contemporary accounts as given in the Jesuit *Relations.* However, there is a curious similarity to the New Madrid descriptions:

> "'New lakes are seen where none was before. Some mountains were engulfed and disappeared. Many a waterfall is levelled and many a river is no more. The ground cracked in many places and opened crevices of unmeasured depth. And there has resulted such a disorder of fallen and splintered trees that one sees today fields of

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a tale of science, religion, literature, and politics

about 2 P.M., and they reached the West Indies about 6 P.M. Almost all over Europe, including Scandinavia, the water in rivers, canals, lakes, and ponds and springs was seen to be suddenly disturbed or to rise and fall abnormally.

—T. D. KENDRICK,
in *The Lisbon Earthquake,*
(Lippincott, $5).

THE Lisbon earthquake was an intellectual watershed in European thinking. It led Rousseau to point out in his *tout est bien* philosophy that earthquakes were all for the best; it was the evils of civilization that were bad. If we were not cooped up in cities, earthquakes would not kill us. Voltaire struck a devastating blow of ridicule at such unthinking optimism. As we have seen, Candide and his insufferable companion, Dr. Pangloss, were caught in the Lisbon earthquake. For Dr. Pangloss this proved to be a time to test his belief that every horror encountered was a necessary event in the pre-established harmony of the universe.

Spiritually, the Lisbon earthquake was a challenge to the theologians of the time. Why did one of the most devout and justly renowned cities of the world suffer such a fate at the hands of a loving God—so that the innocent should perish in such multitudes along with the guilty? According to Kendrick's excellent study, *The Lisbon Earthquake*, which is concerned primarily with the related themes of eighteenth-century earthquake theology and the end of optimism, a widely held belief with regard to the earthquake was:

> The reason why God had overthrown Lisbon was not only because He intended to shock the whole of Christendom into a state of penitent obedience to Him by the staggering destruction of such a celebrated and wealthy city, one that was perhaps, thanks to its maritime trade, the best-known city in Europe; but also because Portugal was a kingdom under the special and principal care of Heaven, so that according to the rules of the divine discipline, the Portuguese for their own good and as a result of the heavenly priority that was their due, were singled out for the honour of being the first to be punished and those who were punished most severely.

Politically, the Lisbon earthquake was a prophetic event because it provided the setting for the playing out of the role of a modern dictatorship; the dictator in this case being the Marquez de Pombal. Although he was ultimately to seize all the trappings of power, to reduce the king to ineffectiveness, to expel the Jesuits, and execute his opponents, during the disaster Pombal unquestionably preserved order where chaos would have prevailed and never faltered in his determination to rebuild a greater Lisbon. The modernization of the city, the cutting of boulevards and the restoration of its ancient glories—if not its liberties—were essentially Pombal's doing. In the tradition of most dictatorships the contributions of others were written out of the official history, and to Pombal were attributed almost superhuman accomplishments.

The Lisbon earthquake, in addition to being a theological and literary milestone, marked a great forward step scientifically. Pombal required every parish priest to fill out a questionnaire comparable in most respects to a similar one sent out today by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey—the governmental agency responsible for the study of earthquakes. Pombal's questionnaire included such questions as the time of the shock, its direction, the extent of damage, the number of casualties, and so on. These records, preserved in the Portuguese archives, must give a fascinating insight into the life and thought of the times.

The outcome of Pombal's questionnaire and the carefully documented history of the event prepared by several Portuguese writers was to give a more coherent picture of the nature of such a cataclysm than had ever been available before. This, coupled with the observation of seiches and other events throughout Europe, established the belief that earthquakes were natural rather than supernatural phenomena, and thus were amenable to observation and to explanation by a rational theory.

—WILLIAM C. PUTNAM,
in *Geology,*
(Oxford U. Press, $10.95).

> more than a thousand arpents all levelled as if they had been recently tilled, in many places where there was nothing but forests.'"

The famous Soviet geophysicist, Academician V. V. Beloussov, argues (in *Basic Problems of Geotectonics*, edited in English by Professor John C. Maxwell of Princeton University) that all movement in earth's interior is essentially vertical. An American example he could cite would be the Yakatut earthquake of 1899, which split the rocks along the Alaskan coast and pushed one lip of the divide almost fifty feet above the opposite lip. But the twenty-foot drop of some of the streets of Anchorage on March 27, 1964 does not belong in this "dip-slip" category of events. That aspect of the Good Friday catastrophe was due to slumping of weakly footed ground. Anyhow, most western students of earth shocks believe that "strike-slips," or horizontal shifting of the rocks, are the predominant component of quaking (see, for example, *Introduction to the Theory of Seismology*, by Dr. K. E. Bullen of Australia; *The Physical Constituents of the Earth*, by Jean Coulomb and Georges Jobert of Paris; *Continental Drift*, by Britain's Dr. S. K. Runcorn; *Physics of the Earth's Interior*, by Professor Beno Gutenberg of Caltech; and the new Cambridge University Press edition of Sir Harold Jeffreys' *The Earth*). In his earlier mentioned report in *Science*, Professor Benioff revived an old idea dependent on such a belief. The idea is that the entire Pacific basin is rotating laterally, counterclockwise, like a ratchet. According to this concept, each new quake turns the rachet another notch. The jerks occur along well established faults (see lower map, page 42, for a suggestion of how the Anchorage quake might function in this mechanism), and account for 80 per cent of all earthquakes.

As Professor Benioff emphasized to the readers of *Science*, the concept of the ratchet, as applied to the Pacific, can be considered only as a concept. No one has yet shown where the driving force would originate.

This problem of motive power is the central problem that must be solved before the causes of earthquakes can be determined with any degree of precision. Many scientists in many lands are probing into it.

Perhaps the most significant agreement is on a point that would have been

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considered ridiculous as recently as the time when the late Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States. The point is that planet earth came into being as a conglomeration of cold star dust.

Pre-New Deal theory (to put a political boundary on a scientific issue) said that earth began as a globe of hot gas, shot out by the explosion that formed the sun. This hot gas was then supposed to have cooled, from the surface inward, creating a crust that gradually hardened around a turbulent core. The heaving of the furnace-like center, aggravated by the turning of the globe, would crack the crust from time to time, and the surface rocks would shake.

The dynamics of gases became much more throughly mastered during World War II. New mathematics were applied to speculation about earth's origin, and it was seen that a hot gas ball as small as earth would not hold together long enough to cool; the gas would have shot off in all directions, with a spectacular puff.

How, then, was the planet formed? Nobelist Harold Urey, the radiochemist, and others proposed that in the beginning the earth must have been a sphere of cold stuff. It contained all the chemical elements familiar today, including the radioisotopes. The radioactivity in the latter heated the interior, so that it was more fluid than the surface. In an issue of *Science* published just a month before the Good Friday earthquake at Anchorage, Professor Gordon J. MacDonald, of the University of California (Los Angeles) Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics, postulated a set of circumstances under which the radioactive heat was trapped by the cold, insulating outer layers of the primitive earth. The result would have been expansion of the planet, fracturing of the crust, and opening of ducts through which the lighter elements could rise to form continents while the heavier elements sank into the interior.

FEW earth scientists reject the notion of some such process. But there are many differences on exactly what such. Prominent ridges rise from the bottoms of all earth's seas (the upper map on page 42 locates them in relation to the historical record of frequent earthquakes). Volcanoes top the ridges, which are obviously widening with the passage of time. Iceland, sitting astride the mid-Atlantic ridge, is slowly being split apart. Are these ridges the backbones of future continents? Some scientists think so. Others hold that the ridges merely mark continuation of continent drifting that began long ago with a single continent that broke into fragments, which went separate ways.

Whatever the future of the ridges may be, what causes them? Whence springs the energy driving them upward?

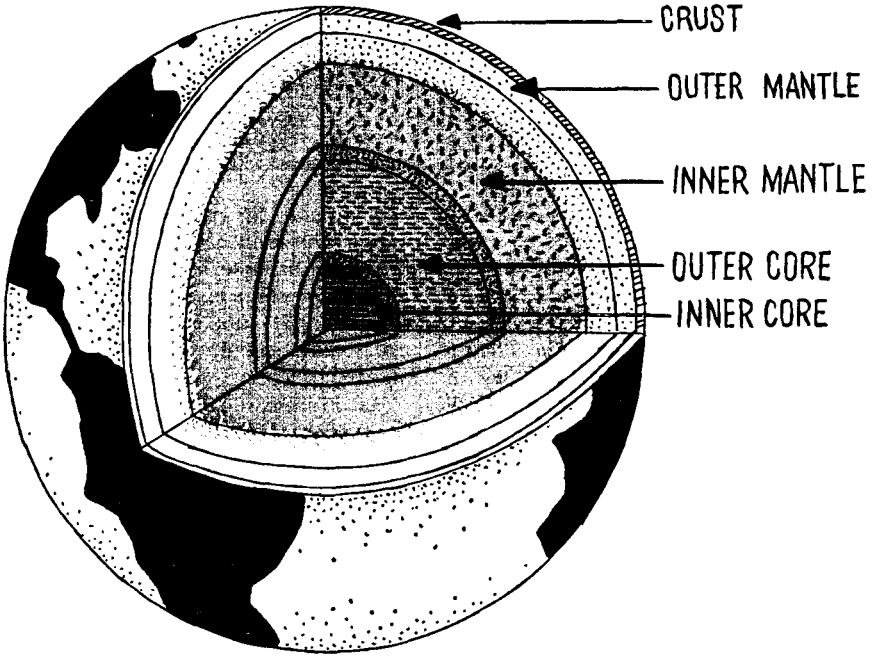
The most widely accepted theory says that the heat of earth's interior generates a vertical flow upward, in cellular fashion. The size of the cells is limited by the laws of physics. Where two cells converge, their combined upward surge puts tension on the earth's crust until there is a rupture.

Although this thermal effect is almost universally accepted, its relative significance in earth's inner behavior is debated. For example, Professor Thomas Gold of Cornell, the British-born cosmologist who shares with Professor Fred Hoyle the fathering of the steady state (no beginning-no end) theory of creation, insists that the force of gravity is a greater influence on the earth than is generally appreciated. In any mixture of chemicals where freedom of movement is allowed, the heavier elements fall and the lighter elements rise into the space thus vacated. This response to gravity is one of the two reasons why most scientists assume iron and nickel to be the elements that comprise earth's core (the other reason being that a predominantly iron core alone can explain the presence of the Van Allen belts and other manifestations of magnetic field surrounding the planet). At first, this iron is assumed to have been widely distributed through the planetary sphere. Early heating of the globe by the radioactive elements would have melted the iron into huge drops which fell rapidly through lighter elements, displacing the latter and encouraging them to rise. Long ago the core accumulated adequate size to generate magnetic currents. Since then, the rigidity of the chemical complex has slowed gravity's influence in turning the mixture over. But Professor Gold is convinced that gravity still exceeds heat as an energy source for quake-making tension on earth's crust.

A major mystery that is not satisfactorily explained either by thermal convection currents or by gravity-driven currents or a combination of both is this: Why is the structure of the planet different under the continents than it is under the oceans?

The Mohorovicic discontinuity that separates earth's crust from the mantle below lies eighteen to twenty-four miles beneath the continents, but only three to six miles beneath the seas. Why? What does the difference mean?

UCLA's Professor MacDonald dissected this dilemma in his February 1964 report in *Science*. He pointed out there that the usual examination of the question begins with an assumption of an earth crust in isostacy, with thin regions of heavier stuff balancing thick regions of lighter stuff. The continents are the light stuff. The crust below them is five to eight times as thick as the crust below the oceans. The usual yardstick of isostacy consists of two columns of rock, eighteen to twenty-four miles



ZONE OF HOMOGENEOUS COMPOSITION DEEP INSIDE EARTH, marked off by globe ringing shock waves from Good Friday earthquake in Alaska, is identified by color. Colored fringe is region to which roots of continents, previously thought to end within crust are now believed to extend.

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deep. At that depth, the columns are supposed to be in balance.

But variations in the pull of earth's gravity, as betrayed by irregularities in the orbits of earth satellites, do not fit this old measure of isostacy. The satellites don't always dip closer to the planet at those points where the yardstick says earth mass is greater.

A longer yardstick is required, Professor MacDonald said. To determine how long it ought to be, he fed a lot of numbers into a computer. The first equation gave the mean density of earth's subcontinental crust at 2.75 (a figure derived from laboratory work with the silicons, aluminas and alkalies that make up most of the crust) and the mean thickness at twenty-one miles. The second equation shifted the density to 3.33, which is the density of the subocean crust. Putting the two equations together, he found that a balance occurred when the crust under the sea was seventeen and a half miles thick. Therefore, true isostacy would require the continents to stand three and a half miles above the sea. Actually, the continents stand only a shade higher than one mile above the sea.

Professor MacDonald put more equations into the computer. This time he discovered that isostacy would exist between the subcontinental crust and the suboceanic crust of today if temperatures in the mantle below the crust of both continents and oceans changed with depth, implying the presence in the upper mantle (see sketch, page 46) of denser forms of the same elements known to be in the crust. Such denser stuff would occupy about 20 per cent less space in the mantle than its lighter phase occupies in the crust.

Now the heat that comes up from earth's interior through the ocean floors is about the same in amount as comes up through the crust of the continents. Yet the amount of radioactive elements in the thick continental crust is greater than that in the thin subocean crust. The difference must be balanced out somewhere deep below.

ALL this points to historic consequences. It suggests that Soviet academician Beloussov's new book may be right after all. Vertical motion (due, as Professor Gold emphasizes, to the force of gravity, but originally triggered by heat from radioactivity trapped inside the cool outer layers of the primitive earth) could have created the continents in their present places. The melting and uplifting together could have depleted the subcontinental mantle of radioactive elements, thus establishing a distribution of heat sources under the continents different from the distribution under the seas. This would have ensured permanent boundaries between continents and ocean basins. In such event, volcanic and tectonic activity logically would concentrate along those boundaries, as they in fact do. Not only shallow earthquakes like that of Good Friday, but intermediate and deep earthquakes follow those lines of structural weakness.

If Professor MacDonald is correct, the roots of the continents go down at least 300 miles. If the continents have drifted at all (which seems doubtful under this theoretical concept) they must have moved like huge icebergs in a turgid moving sea. As he has put it: "It is no longer possible to imagine thin continental blocks sailing over a fluid mantle."

Nature seldom comments on scientific theories as promptly or as emphatically as the earth shook in Alaska after Professor MacDonald's February hypothesizing in *Science*. For the third time in man's knowledge (it probably happened many times before, but there were no seismographs sensitive enough to detect it then), the whole earth oscillated in response to energy released by a crustal rock rupture. Slow moving low frequency shock waves circled the planet's interior in opposite directions from the epicenter near Anchorage, and, upon meeting, interfered with each other and converged in a tidal effect that pushed earth's entire surface a fraction of an inch up, down, and up again in the fifty-four minute pattern mentioned at the outset of this *SR* report.

Professor Benioff's remarkable recording instruments had observed such global "ringing" momentarily after the Kamchatka earthquake of 1952. The phenomenon had been confirmed over longer periods during the disastrous Chilean quake of 1960. At Anchorage the notes of the planetary gong were separately distinguished with such unquestionable clarity for several days that Professor MacDonald felt confident in interpreting them to *SR*'s science editor as supporting evidence for the deep-rooted continent theory. Somewhere between 420 and 600 miles down, he said, the planetary shock waves travel at the same speed everywhere, under continents and oceans alike. Until that transition zone is reached, differences in the makeup of subcontinental and suboceanic regions are still reflected in the behavior of the earthquake shock waves as these appear on seismograph charts. By the time the facts can be confirmed, a year or two from now, the people of earth in all probability will be concerned about some new trembling of their habitation. There are, on the average, 5,000 widely recorded earthquakes every year.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Red Marbles

ALTHOUGH I ENJOYED your informative article on current American probings into Chinese science and culture [*SR*, Mar. 7], I would appreciate it more if *Saturday Review* took a stand on recognizing mainland China. Also I found no reference to Needham's "Science and Civilization in China," probably one of the key scholarly works of this field, judging at least from the insights it gave me into Chinese mathematics (I am a historian of mathematics). I would like to see this topic explored further in *SR*. An editorial by Norman Cousins on the dire necessity for reaching out a "friendly" political hand toward the great Asian power would be apropos. Why let De Gaulle pick up all the marbles? Why let our own scientific and scholarly inquiries to our Chinese friends be circumvented?

CHARLES ARONSON.
Oneonta, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Joseph Needham's grand survey of science in the history of China was given a three-page salute in SR Research for July 1962. Another reference to this famous work, published by Cambridge University Press, can be found on page 43 of this issue of SR. Further reports on science as it relates to Communist China's place in world affairs today will appear here as new data are developed. A number of readers have asked for further information about the Joint Committee on Contemporary China, and an effort will be made in the near future to assuage their curiosity and perhaps offer specific answers to some of their questions.*

Republic of South Africa

TO KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT, whatever the Republic of South Africa may be doing in Antarctica [*SR*, Nov. 2, p. 45], the Union of South Africa is doing nothing. having ceased to exist.

(MISS) BERYL J. N. GREIG.
New York, N. Y.

The Fluoride Debate (Continued)

IN A LETTER published by you [*SR*, Feb. 1] Drs. F. J. Stare and J. H. Shaw say that "substitutes" for water fluoridation cost $5. to $40. per year.

That is contrary to our experience in New Zealand, where over 50 per cent of the infants are officially reported to be receiving fluoride tablets. These tablets, each containing 1 mg. fluorine, cost three shillings for 200 everywhere. That works out at equivalent to rather less than three-quarters of a U.S. dollar per child per year for tablets —or half that cost for children under three years of age.

Furthermore, a test recently conducted in this country showed tablets to be much more effective than water-fluoridation in a group of children from three to five years of age—which was to have been expected, because of their accuracy of dosage. But,

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once the water is fluoridated, tablets cannot be used!

W. A. G. PENLINGTON.
Havelock Nth, N. Z.

Toronto Versus Ottawa

SINCE THE recently-published [*SR*, Jan. 4] anti-fluoridation article by Mr. John Lear, science editor, is based largely on a review by Canadians, may I request that you publish (as a letter to the editor) the enclosed statement of the Council on Research of the Canadian Dental Association.

JAMES ZIMMERMAN, D.D.S.,
President,
Canadian Dental Association.
Toronto, Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The mentioned statement:*

The Council on Research of the Canadian Dental Association has reviewed the article "Accumulation of Skeletal Fluoride and its Implications" by J. R. Marier, D. Rose, and M. Boulet which appeared in *Archives of Environmental Health*, Volume 6:664, 1963.

This paper is a review which contains no original research. It advances certain unfounded theories which might be construed as reflecting unfavorably on the safety of water fluoridation.

All the evidence which has been cited in the article to support the authors' opinions is well known to research workers in this field. Many references report work dealing with concentrations of fluoride many hundreds of times higher than the one part per million used in water fluoridation.

It is the opinion of the Council on Research of the Canadian Dental Association that the article in question presents no evidence to refute the well-established scientific conclusion that water fluoridation is a safe and effective method of partially preventing dental decay.

Adopted by the Council of Research,
Canadian Dental Association,
February 3, 1964.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Dyson Rose, chief of the Food Chemistry Section, Applied Biology Division, National Research Council of Canada, and senior author of the scientific paper criticized above, has written the following reply to the Council on Research of the Canadian Dental Association:*

AFTER YOUR REVIEW of our article appeared [*SR*, Jan. 4], the Dental Faculty of the University of Toronto prepared a statement that was released to the press and distributed to some government officials and scientists interested in fluoridation. A representative of the press provided us with a copy of this statement. A short time later, the Canadian Dental Association apparently endorsed this Toronto statement and reissued it as an official Canadian Dental Association "refutation" of our article. The Canadian Dental Association release states:

> "This paper is a review which contains no original research. It advances certain unfounded theories which might be construed as reflecting unfavourably on the safety of water fluoridation."

We agree that our paper is a review and that it does not contain original research data. However, most scientists will agree that reviews which attempt to gather together the data from a number of papers and present a clear, concise, and cohesive pattern are just as valuable as many original research papers.

The theories we advance are not "unfounded;" they are based on scientific literature and are well referenced. The authors of the CDA report have been unable to convincingly refute any point made in our paper. Likewise, Drs. Fredrick Stare and Robert Shaw (*SR*, Feb. 1) present some strongly worded opinions of their own, in which they refer to Dr. Finn Brudevold's findings of 847 p.p.m. fluoride in surface enamel of unerupted teeth from Rochester, N.Y., that "were collected before fluoride was added to the water supply," and also refer to a 1944 paper by Ockerse that gives no data on fluoride absorption or skeletal deposition and therefore is entirely irrelevant to the point under discussion; however, they do not refute a single major point in our paper. Furthermore, Dr. Stare was in Ottawa on Thursday, 27 February, and at our invitation gave a seminar to the Division of Applied Biology of the National Research Council of Canada. Neither at the seminar nor in private conversation afterwards did Dr. Stare refute any portion of our paper.

Our paper can be interpreted as saying that our ignorance of the action of fluoride is sufficiently great that no one can say with certainty that fluoridation of water is "absolutely safe." Until we know the contributing factors, we cannot even say that the severe effects of fluoride noted in other countries will never occur in any part of the United States and Canada. And until we know more about the absorption of fluoride, we cannot say for certain that soft city waters are the best medium for the distribution of fluoride. If these factors are fairly presented, the public can weigh the certainty of dental benefit against the probability of risks involved and vote intelligently on a fluoride referendum. If the facts are not given to the public, the majority of voters will continue to rely on a mixture of faith and distrust.

The CDA release goes on to state:

> "All the evidence which has been cited in the article to support the authors' opinions is well known to research workers in this field. Many references report work dealing with concentrations of fluoride many hundreds of times higher than the one part per million used in water fluoridation."

We agree that the evidence cited in our review has been available and should be well known, but unfortunately much of it is being persistently overlooked or misinterpreted. Even the overwhelming evidence that most of the anticariogenic effect of fluoride occurs in the mouth without systemic absorption of fluoride has been, and in some instances is still being ignored. Numerous authors have advanced this conclusion, and even though some of the available data has been interpreted otherwise, it can be fairly stated that essentially all published data support this conclusion. The discussion prompted on this particular point by our review has amply demonstrated the review's value.

Our review purposely includes data obtained with tests in which more than 1 p.p.m. of fluoride was used because such tests are the only available means of determining the effect of fluoride in laboratory experiments of reasonable duration. In terms of dental benefit, 50 to 100 p.p.m. for rats is equivalent to 1 p.p.m. for humans (Hodges and Sognnaes, AAAS Symposium, p. 60, 1946). Tests with elevated levels of the substance under study are a routine part of the determination of the safety of any proposed food additive and cannot be dismissed in this instance merely because fluoride is anticariogenic. Also, the amount of fluoride ingested per kilo of body weight by the test animals in these studies is usually much below the amount ingested by a man who, throughout his lifetime, drinks water containing 1 p.p.m. of fluoride.

The CDA release concludes:

> "It is the opinion of the Council on Research of the Canadian Dental Association that the article in question presents no evidence to refute the well-established scientific conclusion that water fluoridation is a safe and effective method of partially preventing dental decay."

The Canadian Dental Association is, of course, entitled to state their opinion. However, it should be remembered that very few dentists have been trained to evaluate information in the general field of bone physiology. The letters we have received concerning our paper indicate that many people knowledgeable in the field of bone metabolism and skeletal accumulation of trace materials do not concur with the CDA opinion.

DYSON ROSE.
Ottawa, Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Documents supporting the respective positions of the Canadian Dental Association and of the National Research Council of Canada team of three fluoride literature reviewers are too extensive to be reproduced here. Interested readers may obtain copies of the documents by writing to Dr. Zimmerman at the CDA offices in Toronto and to Dr. Rose at the NRCC offices in Ottawa.*

1 Error, 1 Left On

YOU RAISE the question [*SR*, Feb. 15] of "why children to whom fluoridated water was given in the three community-wide tests were not examined for effects of fluoride other than the dental effect and the amount of excretion of fluoride in the urine." In the Newburgh-Kingston study complete physical examinations included a urinalysis, X-rays, height and weight measurements, age at onset of menstruation in girls, blood counts, and detailed examinations of the eyes and ears with determination of visual acuity, visual fields and hearing levels. At the conclusion of these exhaustive tests which covered ten years,

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no medical significance could be found between children of the two towns.

DON WAGGONER.

Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The statements made in the letter above are correct. SR's science editor's comments on this point were distorted by last minute copy cutting to fit available space in SR's issue of February 15. During Congressional hearings on the fluoridation issue in 1956, United States Public Health Service officers defended the adequacy of the aforementioned tests; physicians among the Congressmen called the tests "superficial." On one matter, however, there was no dispute: The U.S.P.H.S. originally promised to include in the Newburgh-Kingston study a conclusive test of fluoride's side effects in adults of the community. This test has never been carried out, although the U.S.P.H.S. repeated its promise to do so at the 1956 Congressional hearings. The only explanation offered for the omission is that fluoridation's consequences to adults were examined in epidemiological studies of other communities where drinking water was naturally fluoridated. But these studies were not scientifically comparable, for two reasons: (1) Most naturally fluoridated water in the United States is hard water, whereas most waters open to artificial fluoridation are soft, and (2) even the most scrupulous epidemiological tests have a built-in factor of error (the so-called variability factor) ranging from 1 per cent to 5 per cent. Among New York City's 8,000,000 people, 80,000 to 400,000 could be harmed by fluoridated water in one way or another without being noticed at all in an epidemiological study of fluoride's effects in the city.*

Documentation

I HAVE BEEN READING with great respect and interest your opinions about the many controversial subjects you have presented in the Science Section of *Saturday Review*.

However, two statements in your recent discussion, "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation" [*SR*, Jan. 4], have thrown some doubt about the accuracy of your references. On page 89, column 2, you state:

"Epidemic skeletal malformations have been reported among peoples drinking water containing as little as eight-tenths of a part per million of fluoride in Lebanon on the Persian Gulf."

What reference do you possess about these "epidemic malformations" in Lebanon? Furthermore, since when is "Lebanon on the Persian Gulf?"

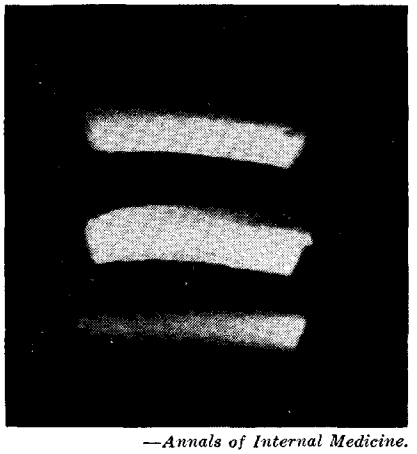
R. MATOSSIAN, M.D.,
American University of Beirut.

Beirut, Lebanon.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor welcomes an opportunity to clarify this point, which several readers have asked about.*

Those who prefer to read the original literature for themselves will find the data in Annals of Internal Medicine, Vol. 55, No. 2, August 1961, pages 193-199. "Skeletal Sclerosis Due to Chronic Fluoride Intoxication" is the title of the study, which was reported from Beirut, Lebanon. Three scientists observed a number of tubercular patients in the Hamlin Hospital for Chest Diseases at Hammana, Lebanon. Among these patients were eight who had spent most if not all of their lives in the sheikdom of Qatar, which borders the Persian Gulf across the Arabian peninsula from Lebanon. The effects of fluoride discovered in these eight people were endemic, not epidemic. In other words, the effects are continually present among residents of the area of the Persian Gulf whence the patients came.

Over a period of five years, X-rays of the eight patients had disclosed "the presence of diffuse skeletal sclerosis." Ribs, backbone and pelvis had been thickened by deposition of fluoride. Pieces of rib surgically removed from two of the eight patients confirmed the fluoride content. In the photograph below (reproduced as figure 8 in Annals of Internal Medicine) the lowermost bone fragment is normal bone; the upper two fragments were malformed by fluoride.



—Annals of Internal Medicine.

The teeth of these patients were mottled, and most of the patients had teeth surrounded by calcareous deposits with peripheral gingivitis. Measurement of the fluoride content of the Qatar drinking water showed a range from 0.79 parts per million parts of water to 3.45 p.p.m.

The U. S. Public Health Service claims that mottling of teeth (so slight as to be detectable only upon expert examination) is the most serious damage that any resident of the northern states of the United States can possibly suffer from regular ingestion of drinking water containing up to one part of fluoride per million parts of water, and that residents of the warmer southern states of the United States are equally safe from harm if the water they drink contains no more than 0.7 to 0.8 parts of fluoride per million parts of water. These yardsticks were not mentioned in the report of the eight cases of thickened rib, backbone, and pelvis from the sheikdom of Qatar, where the fluoride content of the water went as low as 0.79 parts per million. Some scientists would say that the report's avoidance of challenge to a supposed standard was inexcusable; others would excuse it on the ground that 0.79 p.p.m. was the bottom figure on a scale that went up to 3.45 p.p.m. Anyhow, even the 3.45 p.p.m. fell well below another "safe minimum" promulgated by U.S.P.H.S., and in regard to this guarantee the report from Lebanon commented forthrightly as follows:

"Chronic fluoride intoxication, as manifested by mottling of tooth enamel and diffuse osteosclerosis, has been observed throughout the world in communities in which the domestic water supply contained fluoride in concentrations usually in excess of four parts per million. On the other hand, a series of well-coordinated investigations in the United States has supported the concept that no clinically significant, adverse, physiological, or functional effects, with the exception of dental fluorosis, are to be anticipated in persons whose water supply contains fluoride in the concentration of 8 p.p.m. In a recent review of approximately 170,000 roentgenologic examinations of the spines and pelves of patients, mostly residents of Texas and Oklahoma, osteosclerotic changes were noted only in twenty-three. Each of these had lived his entire life in an area in which water contained fluoride in concentrations ranging from 4 to 8 p.p.m. No osteosclerotic changes were evident in this study in persons whose drinking water contained fluoride in concentrations of less than 4 p.p.m. . . .

"Marked diffuse skeletal sclerosis was observed in eight adult tuberculous patients treated in a Lebanon hospital for chest diseases. Each had lived more than ten years in Qatar, an oil-rich Arabian sheikdom in the region of the Persian Gulf. . . . The observations indicate that there is an area of endemic fluorosis as manifested by diffuse osteosclerosis in the region of the Persian Gulf where the fluoride concentration in drinking water is less than 4 p.p.m. . . ."

Because the U.S.P.H.S. standards for fluoridation of drinking water have been adopted as global criteria by the World Health Organization, the authors of the report from Lebanon felt called upon to explain the deviation of their findings from what the U.S.P.H.S. said could happen.

"It is postulated," the report from Lebanon concluded, "that certain local factors, such as hot climate, malnutrition, and excessive drinking of tea, all contribute to the severity of fluorosis."

Later, a Russian researcher in northern Vietnam discovered that children drinking water with a fluoride content of 0.4 to 0.6 p.p.m. suffer dental fluorosis comparable in degree to that reported among American and Russian children who drink water with a fluoride content of 1.4 to 2.0 p.p.m. The details were published in the Soviet journal, Gig. i Sanit. 28 [12]: 30; 1963. Not only the writer of that paper but the editor of the journal pleaded for analysis of all sources of fluoride intake rather than only the fluoride intake from drinking water. There is fluoride in the air we breathe and in the food we eat as well as in the water we drink. When intake from one source rises, intake from the other sources must be reduced if the body is not to suffer ill.

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ON THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE

A Prescription for Humanism's Presentday Dilemma

By J. TUZO WILSON

MOST of the problems of science are really problems of dealing with scientists. Be it said to their credit that they are a hard-working, docile and reasonably intelligent segment of the population; but this is offset by their naiveté and lack of interest in political matters and their aloof attitude to life and other people.

Since scientists are ordinary people, who differ only in having been subjected to special training, one cannot say that they have any qualities absolutely different from other people, but some tendencies can be noticed.

Scientists flock like starlings. Nothing is more attractive to scientists than other scientists. They know that new ideas grow fastest in places where ideas are exchanged and challenged. They do not like to go to regions where they are needed because of a dearth of science. They prefer to congregate in the great intellectual centers.

Scientists enjoy an absorbing interest in their work, which they regard as a fascinating puzzle. Achievement is usually less exciting to them than the quest itself. They do not work at science with any humanitarian objectives. They are not concerned with consequences. They are only fascinated to learn how nature operates and pleased to pit their wits in the contest to learn this.

Science is expensive. The cost of educating and equipping scientists is great. Governments tend to expect that grateful scientists should therefore labor to achieve practical and rewarding results, but this is not the aim of most scientists. The less practical their work, the better they tend to like it.

They are less influenced by dogma than are other humans. They shun politics with its artificial and unending personal bickering. A recent survey showed that not a single scientist sat in any major legislative body in Canada and I think this is typical of other countries. They are not good mixers or strong patriots. They are iconoclasts.

They are trained to test things and to be guided by experimental results rather than popular jingo. As a result they are less ardent patriots and more internationally minded than are others.

Science thus poses a fine problem for governments, which are made up of non-scientists. Science asks support from national governments, while at the same time its total effect is to question and weaken the authority of governments. Science, being based on experimental results, raises questions about the validity of local prejudices.

For similar reasons scientists have not much use for metaphysics or for scholarly criticism when that is based upon unprovable premises.

Scientists form a very exclusive elite, who look down on all attempts by non-scientists to interfere with or control scientific matters. This is rather ridiculous since, to cite merely one example, most physicists know nothing about biology. Any intelligent person should be easily able to master a broad view of what science is about. But outsiders' views are not accepted as authoritative and they are discouraged.

Scientists have a clearly conceived pecking order with the most practical scientists at the bottom and they usually have a poor opinion of research as practiced in other subjects.

These characteristics pose problems even for scientists themselves. When the scientists were few and their demands small, anti-social ways were overlooked. Now, in these days of big science, all is being examined critically.

IN the early days of science, academies were founded in each country to support the experimental method and to provide forums for discussion of results. Government support has now far outstripped the help possible from academies and science has become so complex that many specialized associations are needed for separate discussions. In some countries, at least, the academies feel left behind. Some of them are now holding meetings to discuss what their future role should be.

Science is clearly indispensable to society, but it is not socially inclined.

Jacques Barzun has recently turned his critical attention upon science which he has labelled "the glorious entertainment." Many of his criticisms are just, but I think one could as justly call any intellectual pursuits "entertainment." I am not clear why that description might not equally be applied to the study of philosophy, history or literary criticism. Barzun summarizes his conclusions thus:

> "It is not my aim, even if it were within my capacity, to furnish a philosophy. My purpose remains to turn over the pieces of our scientific culture and point out their workings, which by common report are bedeviling the world. Accordingly, I reach the end of my description with the conviction I announced at the beginning, that until western man reasserts his right to be, as far as he can, a natural and moral philosopher, he will feel like an exile in his own place."

THE notion that science is bedeviling the world seems to me to reflect a medieval attitude. Even if it is correct, we cannot go back. Without modern technology, present populations could not be supported. Most people would die. It is as simple as that and I feel that it would be as valid therefore to ask all philosophers to become scientists as it is for Barzun to demand that all scientists become philosophers.

There is confusion here I think, and it is that Barzun has transposed the needs of a society to each individual. I grant that our society needs a philosophy and perhaps that is all he means. But I think it unreasonable to demand that everyone in it be a philosopher.

Our society depends upon much more than any individual can encompass. It depends on all the arts, humanities, and sciences, but no one person can be artist, humanist, and scientist all in one. Whose role is it then to decide upon our national policies?

I don't think that it is a role for scientists. They do not want to do it and I have indicated why I think they would do it badly. After all, physics is the study of mass and energy. The results of these studies have affected human af-

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fairs, but only indirectly. Before a physicist can interest himself in human affairs he must stop being a physicist for the duration of that concern.

The same would be true for an artist. The only proper person to concern himself with the problems of society is the humanist, but he must learn to concern himself with society in a scientific age and not with the past. I suggest it is for philosophers to study the effects of science, not for physicists to be seekers after a philosophy.

The introduction of agriculture and community life altered the role of the artist. In primitive societies artists were free. They expressed their feelings in wild and imaginative ways, which is the appeal of Eskimo art. In civilized societies the artist was tamed and harnessed to the needs of society. Mostly the old masters painted portraits of kings and of the wealthy or landscapes to please them.

Today it is the humanists' turn to be harnessed to a more complex society. Science is placing different demands upon humanists.

C. P. Snow maintains that scientists and humanists don't speak to one another. But the reasons are different. Most scientists, as private individuals, know something of the humanities; the problem is that they don't care about the problems of society. Most humanists on the other hand care very much and, like Barzun, worry about these problems. Their difficulty is that most of them have not yet caught up with the

twentieth century and do not know enough about science to take its impact into proper account.

Some economists in particular will deny this, and I admit that there are distinguished exceptions. But I think the fact that we are governed and that we derive most of our social and business guidance from illiterates in science is a sufficiently serious problem to demand attention from universities.

I certainly don't recommend stopping the study of any branch of learning, nor do I think that old departments can easily be deflected into new directions. I don't think it is any more likely that old philosophers will learn new science than that scientists will willingly study philosophy.

To meet a new requirement, I suggest, requires that universities form new Departments of Scientific Studies directed to training not scientists but scientifically literate humanists.

How is this to be done? There is a danger that people taught a potpourri of science, of history, of economics, of philosophy, and so forth, would be poorly trained in all. I believe the solution is to base such studies on a thorough reading of the history of science starting from the earliest times.

The lectures should be accompanied and illustrated throughout the course by laboratory experiments repeating some of the great scientific discoveries in their historic order. These should be executed with the same rigor as is required in the various science departments, but they should be less numerous so that the student would have time for reading and essay writing. There should be no attempt to complete the scientific training of these students. In the senior years, they should direct their laboratory work to computing and data processing, techniques now recognized to be as useful in the social as in the pure sciences. It should be clearly kept in mind that they are humanists, but humanists with an experience of experimental work.

There is an additional reason for making this effort to produce a man with broad knowledge of the humanities and sciences.

There has been a recent change in the main direction of science. Hotly as many scientists will deny it, science is as much subject to fashion as other human activities. In the last century, geology and evolution, chemistry and engineering held the center of the stage. For a period early in this one, nuclear physics was paramount. Today, studies of planets and of space are important, but even more so are the group of researchers directed to understanding the brain, including information and computer theory, genetics and the DNA code, and biological brain research.

This is a drastic change in the direction of science. Studies of engineering, chemistry, and physics all are concerned with study of matter and energy which are extensions of man's muscles. Brain research and the like are directed to extensions of man's mind. But surely, man's mind is a proper study for humanists. Thus the forefront of scientific research has now entered upon one of the chosen fields of the humanities. I feel it is appropriate to start departments directed toward study of the humanities in the light of modern science.

Text above was taken from remarks by J. Tuzo Wilson, Professor of Geophysics, University of Toronto, Canada, at the fiftieth birthday party of the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Buffalo, New York.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCV

HE KEEPS THE BACTERIA JUMPING

Josef Czulak, of Melbourne

WHEN Josef Czulak was discharged from the British Army at the end of World War II, he had no idea what to do with his life. In 1939 he had been a junior subaltern in a crack Polish cavalry regiment. During the war he fought with distinction as an officer of the Polish, French and British armies in turn. In 1946 he had no home, little money and no profession. He did have British citizenship, a Scottish fiancee, and a war veteran's right to a subsidized university education.

He chose to become an agricultural scientist, entered one of Britain's redbrick universities, got married, graduated and stayed on to do graduate work in bacteriology. In 1949, already past 30, he began his scientific career in the central research laboratory of Britain's biggest dairy manufacturing company. Quietly he set to work, and within two years published some significant papers.

In the early 1950s, Australia was desperately short of promising young research scientists. Her graduate schools were producing only a handful of Ph.Ds. Australia's largest government research agency, the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization (C.S.I.R.O.) was recruiting nearly two-thirds of its research staff from overseas, mainly from Britain. Among the recruits who took ship from Tilbury Dock in 1951 was Josef Czulak.

The job he had accepted offered scope for the most ambitious of young men. Australia's third largest primary industry, dairying, faced serious difficulties. The biggest share of the annual milk production (1.5 billion gallons) went into butter, but the industry also produced 100 million pounds of cheddar cheese per year.

Australian cheese was of indifferent quality, and costs of production were high. In spite of a substantial government subsidy, profits were low. Most of the cheese was produced in small independent factories, owned by private companies or farmer co-operatives. Since most were too small to employ research staff, C.S.I.R.O.'s Division of

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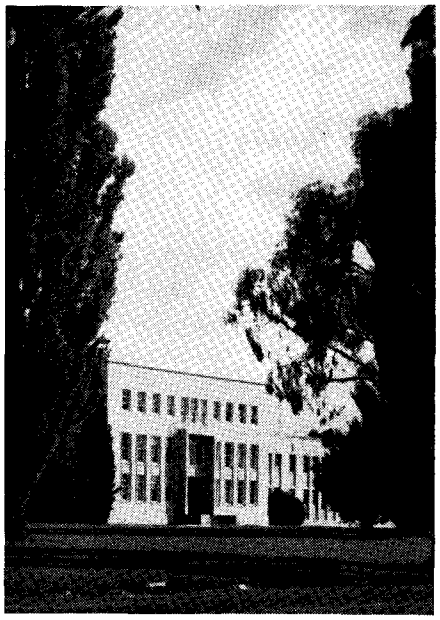

—*Australian News and Info.*

Canberra Headquarters of C.S.I.R.O.

Dairy Research was enlarged to cope with the research problems of the entire industry. Czulak became leader of a small team of work on cheesemaking.

The manufacture of cheddar cheese is a simple process. A large vat of lukewarm milk, perhaps 2000 gallons, is inoculated with acid-producing bacteria which cause the milk to sour rapidly. When it is sour enough, rennet is added to cause the milk to coagulate. The coagulum is cut into small cubes which separate from the whey. The mixture of curds and whey are heated slightly and stirred, while the curd particles shrink and still more acid is produced. Then the whey is drained off, leaving the curd on the bottom of the vat.

The curd is cut into blocks and the blocks turned over at frequent intervals. During this "cheddaring process," the granules of curd fuse together to form a homogenous mass. Finally, the curd is cut into strips about the size of a finger, salted, and pressed into blocks which, after maturing, become cheese. The whole process, up to the pressing stage, takes five and a half to six hours.

Czulak tackled the easy problems first. He soon learned that the "starter" bacteria, essential to the whole process, were often not doing their job. This was because they were becoming infected with bacteriophage, a virus which quickly destroys them.

When a cheese factory is infected with bacteriophage, there is only one cure—to change to another strain of bacteria, immune to the virus. But no one knew whether the virus which attacked bacterium A would also attack bacterium B.

Czulak collected samples of all the bacterial cultures in use, and imported others from abroad. By determining their bacteriophage relationships, he was able to tell cheesemakers which culture to switch to whenever a "starter" failed.

Still the industry's problem wasn't solved. It was one thing to know which strain to switch to, but where were pure, typed cultures obtainable?

No manufacturer seemed interested in preparing them.

Czulak and his chief, G. Loftus Hills, persuaded the Australian Dairy Produce Board (the industry's export marketing authority) to provide funds, and the Division began to prepare pure, freeze-dried phials of typed "starter" cultures. For over a decade, thousands of these phials have been distributed to the industry every year.

During the course of his studies of cheese-making bacteria, Czulak was struck by the fact that the cheesemaking process, in moving from farm to factory in the nineteenth century, had been merely scaled up. It remained completely unmechanized. Every operation was carried out by hand. Cheesemaking had a high content of labor, and hard labor at that. In the hot Australian summer many a bead of honest sweat fell into the cheese vats.

In the laboratory, Czulak began to experiment. Could the early stages, in which the curd particles shrink, be accelerated? Yes they could, by using higher temperatures and heat tolerant bacteria. Up to one and a half hours could be cut from the process time. Could the "cheddaring" process be cut from half an hour or more to a few minutes? Perhaps, but how? Dozens of machines were built, to press curd hard, to squeeze it gently. They all failed to produce homogeneous, smooth-textured curd. There was argument, chain-smoking, despair. Finally, the solution was hit upon: not pressure (which fused the granules together) but deformation that accompanied flow, during the squeezing of a block of curd to half its thickness and twice its width.

Ingenuity and hard work took over from there. In 1957 a group of Australian cheese industry representatives were invited to the C.S.I.R.O. laboratory at Highett, Victoria, to witness a demonstration. They saw, for the first time since cheese was first made 4000 years ago, a batch of cheese produced entirely by machine, without the milk or curd being touched by human hand.

To be sure, the "cheddaring" machine was cumbersome and unsuitable for scaling up to factory size. But the rest of the plant, which handled all the other operations, was not. A machinery manufacturer was given a license under Czulak's patent, and the first commercial model was installed by the Kraft organization at their Allansford, Victoria, plant, largest cheese factory in Australia. Other orders quickly followed. Cheese-making machines have since been exported to the United States and Great Britain.

Last year was a busy year for Josef Czulak. Now an authority on cheesemaking, he was asked by the Indian Government to show the Indian industry how to make good cheese from buffalo milk. He was in Japan, in connection with a new cheese-drying process. He was in the United States when the first of his machines was commissioned.

The quality of Australian cheese has increased markedly in the last decade. The industry owes much to Josef Czulak; indeed, his ideas are spreading across the world. Yet it is not only his scientific work that has been valuable. Had he been content to publish his work in learned journals, its impact might well have been negligible.

ALWAYS the cavalryman (with a horse at hand on the farm he occupies with his psychiatrist wife and stepdaughter, twenty-five miles outside Melbourne) he charges over the countryside in one direction or another continuously with unbridled Slavic ebullience, his clear blue eyes looking very directly at whatever and whomever crosses his path. In fighting the foes of his adopted neighborhood, he once took on a railroad that threatened to invade some property. At another time he argued himself out of a local police court sentence for speeding on the highway. During those inevitable intervals when events slow down, he runs his hands through his salt and pepper hair with intense Slav despair. But his nerves remain steady throughout, as he will demonstrate with fiendish finesses at the bridge table. For relaxation, he builds rock walls and fences on the farm, thereby keeping himself in automatic physical trim without wearing himself down to the wiry cliche of the amateur athlete.

His ideas have caught on because he has made them catch on. He has travelled Australia from end to end, arguing, haranguing, and demonstrating. Old-established conservative industries are not easily persuaded to change their ways. But when scientific originality is combined with determination, boundless energy and drive, the most deeply entrenched traditions can be upset.

—A. K. KLINGENDER.

A. K. Klingender is attending public administration school at Syracuse University this year, on a scholarship. He is on leave for the purpose from his post as information officer for Australia's C. S. I. R. O.

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Parallel Proverbs

Continued from page 17

foolishness that is not sponsored by some sage." Our "A word to the wise is sufficient" is elaborated by the Czechs: "To a wise man, just whisper; but to a fool you must spell out everything."

Gossips also come in for their share. "He who knows little soon repeats it," say the Spaniards, and the Turks add: "Who gossips to you will gossip about you."

Some proverbs make you feel like arguing the point. Hungary's "Good wine needs no publicity" is quite at variance with America's "It pays to advertise." One could also dispute Albania's "Better to suffer misfortune quickly than to wait too long for good fortune," or Arabia's "All that is hidden is sought after."

"Don't get 'American stomach' by eating too fast" is the gist of several proverbs in many languages, like Italy's "At table you don't grow older," or China's "Work may be hastened, but not food."

In addition to proverbs, there are picturesque similes. "For eating, like a wolf; for working, like a log" is Rumania's way of describing some people. "Lucky like a dog in church" is Italy's description of bad luck. "As nice as soot is white" is Russia's expression of disgust, while the Arabic reply to a sympathetic inquiry as to how things are going is "Like tar!" and the Chinese puts it: "Seven kinds of mess, eight kinds of disorder." If you want to be in a desirable spot against the wishes of those in control, you are said by the Italians to be trying to "get into Paradise in spite of the Saints." Other people are said to be "looking for work and praying to God they won't find it."

It is fashionable in some quarters to describe certain groups as backward, ignorant, illiterate. There may be mechanical justification for these epithets, but you certainly cannot prove mental inferiority or lack of philosophical perception by the language or proverbs of many of these groups. Take, as a single example, the Swahili of East Africa. "To speak is good, and not to speak is good" parallels the European "Speech is silver, silence is gold." "He who is there above, await him below" sounds very much like our "Pride goes before a fall." "He who is not here, and his business is not here" reminds you of the Italian "The absent are always in the wrong." There is a world of earthly wisdom in "Whether the cock crows or not, it will dawn"; "Drunkenness takes away sense"; "Whether you have little or much, be content." And what has the West to offer that surpases this triad in philosophical content: "Profit surpasses pride"; "Understanding surpasses property"; "As for dying, we shall all die"?

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(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 53)

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(Continued on page 56)

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SUMMER WORKSHOP OF NATIONS for youth 16-17. In the coolness of the redwoods near San Francisco, learn of customs and culture of people of Africa, Asia and Latin America from qualified foreign instructors who are currently attending American universities at the graduate level. Plenty of recreation. Nations Incorporated, P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley 1, California.

A CREATIVE EXPERIENCE at Camps Orin-Sekwa in the Berkshires. Dynamic Drama • Arts • Science • Music • Journalism—all with professional instruction. Skiing, sailing on our private lake. Special teenage program. 1 Vernon Drive, Scarsdale, N.Y. 914-SC 5-2705.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, forestry, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. 3 nurses. 39th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2383, Fayetteville, N.Y.

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

WATER SKIING AND ATHLETICS. Individual development stressed. Camp Skymount, Green Lane, Pennsylvania. Coed, 6-16. 25th season. Trips, riding. Pools, lake. Fee $610. 85 miles NYC. Catalogue: Nate S. Goldberg, 460 Harrison Avenue, Glenside, Pennsylvania. Phone: Philadelphia, WAverly 7-4180; NYC, UNiversity 1-7305.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp in the anarchist tradition. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

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HAWLEY MANOR INN — Comfortable country living. Completely modernized. Newtown, Connecticut.

THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

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NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 26th-October 13th. Color folder.

LAKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal social events. $12-$22 day includes meals. Family rates. Open all year. AAA. For color folder, reservations, write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort, Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING. White sand beaches. Everything to do—or nothing. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

VIRGIN ISLANDS—For rent—owner's apartment in historic Villa Santana on breezy Denmark Hill. Magnificent view of harbor and Caribbean. Five minutes walk to town. 2 master bedrooms with baths, guest gallery and bath, famous antique-furnished living room, dining gallery, huge kitchen, covered patio, large terrace, garden, completely furnished. Staffed if desired. Ideal for four or five. No children. Attractively priced June through October or part. Cable or write Santana, St. Thomas.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach. E.P. Brochure 1A.

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BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Masertons, Brandon, Vermont.

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PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

IF I WERE a camera I'd focus my sights on Gurney's Inn. 9 acres of lush greenery, 700 feet of velvety smooth beach. And for special effects: windswept dunes. I shutter to think of running out of film. If you're interested in exposing yourself to a picture vacation, try Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach. Optically it's great. For some of my better prints write Dept. S2, Gurney's Inn, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345 . . . it's in color.

VACATIONS

GOLF AND SURF VACATIONS, Atlantis Hotel, Kennebunk Beach 11, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

GASCON: The Famous Old Guest and Cattle Ranch in the high Rockies—with scenery, isolation and charm. Rociada, New Mexico.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

HOW TO HAVE A BETTER VACATION—Try Florida's Distinctive Resort Area: Sarasota County. Literate, informal. Send for FREE fact-filled brochure. Color photographs of our beaches, fishing, golf, music, art, theatre, attractions. Answers your questions. Helps you plan. Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 308D, Sarasota, Florida.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE exceptional meals at superb Maine resort overlooking ocean. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Opening 57th year June 12th. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LOVELADIES HARBOR, Long Beach Island, N.J. Houses for sale and for rent; summer and year-round. See our ad under "Houses for Sale."

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower spring and fall rates.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box G-128.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Informal, family vacations, erudite clientele, children's haven. Northwood, N.H.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SEASHORE: Choice oceanside cottages or apartments. Season, half season, month, two weeks. Priestley, Real Estate, 3908 Long Beach Boulevard, Brant Beach, N.J.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

VACATIONS

HELLO FROM CHANTERWOOD! May 29th to September 20th, from laurel to foliage time. Reserve now your favorite cabin or cottage especially for busy Tanglewood weeks. Remember? Lakeside location, deep woods, fine food, Hi-Fi outdoor concerts, tennis, ideal swimming and boating on two connected lakes, other sports. Brochure T. Box 11, Lee, Massachusetts.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150′ high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

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FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA. Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000′ beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats on two lakes, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts. Saddle horses extra. Write for color folder. Quimby's Club or Inn, Averill 4, Vermont.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food, trips and entertainment. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal—entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 40 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 22nd. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

WRITERS, ARTISTS—Monadnock Region informal vacation, conducive to work. Room, breakfasts, basket lunches, $55. THE CORNER STUDIO, 95 Cross Street, Keene, New Hampshire. Brochure.

HONEYMOONERS' DREAM, exceptionally beautiful mountain Tyrolean house, fireplaces, pool. Breen, Manchester, Vermont.

COMPLETE RELAXATION, good food, beautiful lake, golf near. Edgefield, Casco, Maine.

GOOD FOOD, GOOD COMPANY, plus Par 3 golf course, sandy beach, water skiing, square dancing, cookouts, children's activities, all on premises. $12-$15 daily. Folder. Woodbound Inn and Lake Cottages, Box 32, Jaffrey, N.H.

VACATION on scenic Maine coast. Folder: Lenz's Cottages, Waldoboro. 832-9018.

CAPE COD, NORTH TRURO—2 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, spacious deck. Ocean, bay views. Golf, swimming. $270 fortnight. Box G-778.

COLORADO! A chalet—mountains—sunny hikes—pine trees—a good book by the fire at night! Ravencrest Chalet, Box 1470, Estes Park, Colorado. Send for brochure.

WORLD'S FAIR? Vacation? The Homestead Inn, of course. Quiet atmosphere, pool, charming rooms, private baths, restaurant, family suites. Free brochure. 420 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. 203-TO 9-7500.

CRESTMONT INN, 95 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. New, heated SYLVAN pool, large natural lake. Programs for tots and teens. Par 3, 18 hole golf. Modern rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 19th-September 21st. Folder.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA, West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful guest house for 30 guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $8-$10 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Two oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

FAMILY ADVENTURE? Bahamas Out-Island housekeeping cottages for six, amidst blue water and lush tropical foliage. $100 per week including car. Box G-752.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

LIVE AND STUDY art in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America, or Around the World! Live with French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Madrid, learn the language and culture! Teenagers, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Department SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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STUDY AND TRAVEL. Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-22; from $1,050. Older students 17-27 special study programs and tour of Europe, $1,585 to $1,875. Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. Circle 5-3560.

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TRAVEL

BRING HAWAII INTO YOUR HOME. Subscribe to "Paradise of the Pacific," the color magazine of Hawaii and the incensed-fumed lands that lie beyond; read about their people, literature, cooking, fashions, decor. $5.00 per year. Write P.O. Box 80, Honolulu, Hawaii.

EUROPE—1964 SUMMER TOURS: 42 to 67 days in Europe, $1,235 to $1,599. Write Prof. Loring Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (sr), Northfield, Minnesota.

DELIGHTFUL DURBAN, South Africa's cosmopolitan resort on the Indian Ocean, is the climax of your Garden Route tour from Cape Town through breathtaking mountain and coastal scenery. See all South Africa yourself — at less cost per day the longer you stay. Literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

EUROPE IN COMFORT and economy. $798-$1,600, 21-56 days, including Stratford. Dittmanntours, Northfield, Minnesota.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

LOW COST STUDENT TRAVEL that college and pre-college students can afford. Itineraries include Western and Central Europe, Scandinavia, Israel, Greece, Spain and Around-the-World. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRA, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. or 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—Authentic old-time sailing. 6 memorable days cruising "Down East." $119—no extras. Free folder. Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 404-D, Camden, Maine. Phone 207-236-2938.

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BACHELOR PARTY®—Escorted Cruises and Tours—for single men and women. Travel with your own age group to Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, California, World's Fair, Orient, Around-the-World. Free 32 page catalogue. Contact Department SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

COMPREHENSIVE EUROPEAN SUMMER TOUR $927. Prof. Berg, Saint Mary's College, California.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES—30-60 days, $400-$800. Private yacht. Box 283, Seal Beach, California.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N. Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-2, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath, television and air-conditioning. Singles from $7, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. The modernized and gracious Tudor offers special family rooms featuring two baths. Write Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street. Phone 212-YU 6-8800.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17, Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

MEXICO-U-PLAN-IT. A unique folder for the independent traveler. Hotel pictures, descriptions, rates and location maps. Sightseeing details. Restaurant and nightlife information. Contact Gramercy Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS: Furnished apartment, air-conditioned, 3 rooms, kitchen, TV. Fifth Avenue/50s; Central Park. Subways, theatres, restaurants. $85 week; $14 day. Box G-711.

ARCHITECT, MULTILINGUAL, planning automobile trip Europe this summer, wishes to contact persons interested in architecture, arts. Share expenses, impressions, slides. Box G-738.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1569

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Suburb of London known for its sports facilities, esp. cricket, rifle ranges, tennis, etc.	43 82 166 75 156 25 128 18 53
B. Fabled ruler of some humble creatures, who resented his do-nothing ways (2 wds.).	24 58 51 88 45 138 136
C. Successful actor, son of a great violinist and a great opera star (contemporary).	13 77 55 104 20 10 134 114 70
D. Harmless; producing no ill effect.	90 48 122 125 174 7 140 76 107
E. Specified time of the calendar of one's birth (2 wds.).	127 146 79 159 118 16 129 157
F. Assyrian king, of whose name the old Bellamy charade says, "My third and fourth a cherub are/ Who has an eye for you."	74 153 26 111 12 33 150 144 41 69 180
G. Commanded silence by an onomatopoetic word.	80 11 162 62 101 183 27
H. Place with confidence (in another's charge).	66 59 123 145 35 86 97
I. Canadian statesman, Minister of Defense during World War II.	38 73 117 92 30 95 169
J. In a fanciful manner.	50 72 28 176 96 63 108 40 84 46 39
K. Pertaining to any group of nine persons or things, Muses, Supreme Court, sacred writings, etc.	3 135 64 102 9 85 61 147

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Patronizing word which Dr. Watson must have heard *ad nauseam*.	44 78 22 177 83 36 1 89 160 131
M. He who was "alone and palely loitering" in Keats's poem (3 wds.).	47 29 109 158 133 149 87 37 5 182 94 17
N. Reciprocal pronoun in oblique cases (2 wds.).	151 56 112 60 175 6 31 23 173
O. Fostered; cherished.	4 68 161 100 105 15 113 155
P. Perseus's mother in Greek mythology.	54 167 130 154 42
Q. Locks naming the center of a current international controversy, January, 1964.	65 14 137 141 57
R. Special application of paint for preservation of surfaces, etc.	126 91 152 110 8 139 49 52 115
S. Science of the natural divisions of mankind with all the special details.	32 93 2 142 34 163 172 168 71
T. Professional movie double who takes the serious risks (2 wds.).	165 106 170 67 148 103 120 179
U. Fair but rare division of ownership in marriage would be: a couple of her things to balance this (3 wds.).	143 21 181 178 99 119 116 171
V. Exclude, separate, stop (2 wds.).	121 81 164 132 98 19 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 L	2 S	3 K		4 O	5 M	6 N	7 D	8 R	9 K	10 C		11 G	12 F	13 C	14 Q	15 O
16 E	17 M		18 A	19 V		20 C		21 U	22 L	23 N	24 B	25 A	26 F	27 G		28 J
29 M		30 I	31 N	32 S		33 F	34 S	35 H	36 L	37 M	38 I	39 J		40 J	41 F	42 P
	43 A	44 L	45 B	46 J		47 M	48 D	49 R	50 J	51 B		52 R	53 A	54 P		55 C
56 N	57 Q		58 B	59 H		60 N	61 K	62 G		63 J	64 K	65 Q	66 H	67 T	68 O	69 F
70 C	71 S		72 J	73 I	74 F		75 A	76 D	77 C	78 L	79 E		80 G	81 V	82 A	83 L
84 J	85 K	86 H		87 M	88 B	89 L	90 D	91 R	92 I	93 S		94 M	95 I	96 J	97 H	
98 V	99 U		100 O	101 G	102 K	103 T		104 C	105 O	106 T		107 D	108 J	109 M	110 R	111 F
112 N	113 O		114 C	115 R	116 U	117 I	118 E		119 U	120 T	121 V	122 D	123 H		124 V	125 D
126 R	127 E	128 A		129 E	130 P	131 L	132 V	133 M	134 C	135 K	136 B		137 Q	138 B		139 R
140 D	141 Q	142 S	143 U	144 F	145 H	146 E	147 K	148 T		149 M	150 F	151 N		152 R	153 F	154 P
155 O	156 A	157 E		158 M	159 E	160 L	161 O	162 G	163 S	164 V	165 T		166 A	167 P	168 S	169 I
170 T	171 U		172 S	173 N		174 D	175 N	176 J	177 L	178 U	179 T		180 F	181 U	182 M	183 G

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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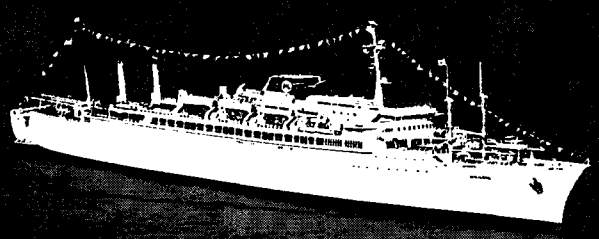

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